

# *The* American Girl

15 cents a copy

*For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

\$1.50 a year



**"Kate of the Jungle Cats"—a Fire Department Story**

**MAY**

**By CLARICE DETZER**

**1926**

# "The Secret Cargo"



"It's a package of mail for the coast guard station." Lounging near the lamp post was a small, sullen individual whose malevolent eyes looked out from under a seaman's cap

If they hadn't crossed the street, Ann Anderson thought, they would have missed all the strange adventures, all the heartaches, and the fright that "the secret cargo" brought them. This is a thrilling story of mystery and adventure—of a lost packet of mail; of a lighthouse on a lonely island; of a girl whose name was that of a famous pirate; of the gruff commander of the coast guard; of a likable boy who turned up opportunely in a motor boat; of strange happenings in the dark; of Susan's anxious question, "Who is my father?"

Clarice Detzer wrote this new mystery serial—the same Clarice Detzer who wrote "Kate of the Jungle Cats" in this issue—and you will not want to miss a single breathtaking moment of it.

## All These Coming in June

**The Girl with the Shining Eyes** drove her own little gray car. She sailed, she swam, she danced as if the world were her playground. She smiled into Joe's eyes as if life were meant for smiles and smiles alone. And Joe, who was staggering under a load too big for him, fell in love with her, as who would not? Yes, it is a love story—as gay and gallant as you ever read.

**The Prize Winning Pictures from Our Camera Contest** will be published in June, too. And they are beautiful. Of course you will want to see them. And, of course, everyone who makes snapshots will want to know about—

**Clara Sipprell**, who makes photographs so beautiful that artists from all Europe and America come to admire them. Virginia Moore tells what a charming person she is, and how, when she was a school girl in Buffalo, she wanted more than anything to make pictures—and how she has succeeded. This is the first of a series of stories of women who have done interesting things—the sort of thing that you may be planning for yourself.

**The Deserted Adobe** was desolate enough at any time, but as a refuge in a cloudburst, Peggy's Baltimore cousin found it terrifying indeed, what with the strange inhuman cries that came from the lean-to at the back. A new story of those Girl Scouts, Cactus Kate and Peggy, and Kate's tall, gray-eyed, young brother, Dennis, and of Elsie Greenleaf who came west to find new standards of sportsmanship.

**Game and Set at Stanford.** It was out in California that Helen Wills learned her game. You'll find some California pointers for your own game here, told by a famous girls' coach. Another of that fascinating series of sports at college and the girls who go in for them—and of what it takes to "make team."

**Camp Stunts and Porch Parties:** Mrs. Frederick tells how to give a porch party—just the thing for commencement week—and how to prepare the refreshments. Bertha Chapman Cady tells how to keep an Outdoor Memory Book that will carry your summer good times over into the winter for you. And for your patrol at camp is a stunt that you can begin planning for now.



## The American Girl



## In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store—where a special department awaits you.

**ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.**  
BROOKLYN

## Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

**Samter Bros. Co.**  
Scranton, Pa.

## Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Girl Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

## The Hecht Co.

7th Street, at F Street, N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

## A Game in Scoutville

HAVE you ever played Uniform Relay? It is great fun. The idea of it is to see which patrol can dress most quickly—and perfectly—one of its members in Girl Scout uniform.

Each patrol chooses the girl who is to act as model for them, who shall be dressed up in uniform. Have these girls remove their hats, uniforms, and shoes. The models then stand in a line across the room, every girl opposite her patrol. Each patrol then lines up, single file, back of their leader, who is directly across from the model. The leader of each patrol next distributes the various articles of apparel belonging to the model. The leader herself keeps the hat; the girl back of her takes the uniform itself; the next girl, the tie; next, the tenderfoot pin; next, the belt; next, the shoes. And the last girl of all is the inspector.

When the whistle is blown, the leader rushes to her model and puts on the hat. She runs back, tags as in a relay race the girl who is waiting with the uniform. The girl with the uniform then runs to the model and puts it on. And so on down the line. Last of all, the inspector who must quickly look for all the little niceties of appearance which will go into judging the winners. It is amazing how quickly a girl can be dressed in her uniform—and well dressed.

Of course, to be absolutely fair, the shoes should all be low or all be high. It certainly is difficult to compete with a rival who puts on oxfords, when you yourself must lace up high shoes!

## The Good Old Knife



Have you tried a fuzz-stick whittling contest with that shiningly new knife you have just acquired from the Girl Scout department store shop in your town? (A few of them are mentioned here—always ready to serve!) Mr.

Charles Smith, in his book, *Games and Recreational Methods*, describes such a game. It presupposes a sharp knife, so the contest should be announced a week in advance. Give each contestant a softwood stick about one inch square and one foot long. At the word "Go," every one starts whittling. The one who has the greatest number of shavings on his stick after a two minute time limit wins.

## Jordan Marsh Company

Official Headquarters  
in  
**Boston**  
for Scout Apparel  
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment, is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

## Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store.

**The Bolles-Brendamour Company**  
130-135 East Sixth Street

## Girl Scouts of Orange County

For That New Uniform  
Or Other Equipment

**Go to STERN'S**  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

## Official Girl Scout Store of Minneapolis

Dayton's specializes in all Juvenile needs in the Children's Own Store—2nd Floor.

*The Dayton Company*

Patronize the equipment agent in your town



# Would you like six Man O' War Middies free?



## A few of the stores where Man O' War Middies are sold

Albany, New York	Steeffel Bros.
Atlanta, Ga.	Chamberlain Johnson Du Bose
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild Kohn Co.
Boston, Mass.	Flitens Sons Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Frederick Loeser Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Flint & Kent
Birmingham, Ala.	Louis Saks Clo. Co.
Chicago, Ill.	The Fair
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Crowley Milner Co.
Denver, Colo.	Joslin D. G. Co.
Dallas, Texas	Titche Geottinger Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	Sanger Bros.
Hartford, Conn.	C. Fox & Co.
Houston, Texas	Foley Bros.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.	Harsfelds, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	B. Lowenstein & Bro., Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Powers & Co.
Nashville, Tenn.	Burk & Co.
New York	James A. Hearn Sons Co.
New Orleans, La.	Arnold, Constable Co.
New Haven, Conn.	D. H. Holmes Co.
Omaha, Neb.	Hamilton & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	J. L. Brandels Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Providence, R. I.	Frank & Sedar
Portland, Oregon	The Shepard Stores
Rochester, N. Y.	Meyer & Frank Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
San Antonio, Texas	E. W. Edwards Sons Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Joske Bros.
St. Paul, Minn.	Str. Baer & Fuller D. G. Co.
Schenectady, N. Y.	The Emporium
Tampa, Fla.	The Carl Co.
Worcester, Mass.	O'Falls Co.
Yonkers, N. Y.	J. C. McInnes Co.
	Marshall Matheson Co.

**T**HEN try your hand at writing an advertisement for the Man O' War Middy to be used in the AMERICAN GIRL. If your advertisement is used in the AMERICAN GIRL Magazine we will send you six beautiful, snow-white Man O' War Middies in payment for your work. Several advertisements will be accepted and used during the course of the year.

Now, read these rules carefully and see how good a scribe you are. First, only Girl Scouts are eligible. The advertisement should not be over one hundred words in length and should be accompanied by a photo or good, clear snapshot of the writer, wearing a Man O' War Middy. On the back of the photo you should give us your written permission to use it for advertising and have this permission signed by one of your parents or your guardian. All advertisements must be signed by the writer, giving her troop number and address and must be mailed by May 30, 1926.

For your information in writing the advertisement, the Man O' War Middy is distinguished by the following features. It has sloped sides to make it fit trimly. It is made of snow-white Super-Jean with a three-inch cuff at the bottom, so that it may be worn in bloused effect, co-ed style or straight down. It has a convenient pocket and a handy tie loop and is beautifully tailored throughout. If you are one of the many Girl Scouts who are now wearing the Man O' War Middy you know how attractively it fits and how much nicer you look in it than in the old-fashioned type of middy that has to be pinned in at the sides to make it fit around the hips.

The Man O' War Sloped Side Middy is priced at \$1.50 up for the snow-white, Super-Jean model which is known as No. A-11 in the stores. A few of the stores selling this middy are listed at the left. If none of these is located near you and you do not know what store handles the Man O' War Middy in your town, send us \$1.50 and we will see that you are supplied at once.

## BRANIGAN, GREEN & CO.

Originators of the Sloped Side Middy  
1511 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md.



This label is a sign of quality—Look for it.

## EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL, CAMP OR GYM





EVERY year, at this time, an AMERICAN GIRL Convention meets here on this page. Sometimes we hold our Convention in April and sometimes during the month of May, depending upon the time when the National Girl Scout Convention is held.

Come! Peek through the key-hole with me—for this year there seems to be some mysterious reason why we have not been invited. Shh! Don't say it above a whisper, but isn't this the strangest Convention you ever saw? Look at the delegate who is evidently making a fervent speech and see that key in her hand! And just gaze at the one at the end of the row, with the peaked hat. The one whom I see most distinctly through my keyhole however, is in bloomers and middy with a tennis racquet clutched in her hands. And by no means miss that row who seem so determined to sit together! I mean the one displaying a sign: "Boarding Schools" and the next one, inseparable from what can be nothing but a puzzle, and the last one who has a lap full of embroidery! And why does that one in the back of the room keep looking through her field glasses? I rather like the girl next to the tennis racquet, though—the thoughtful-looking one who has a box of pencils (which you probably can't see) and at least half a dozen memorandum pads.

But who can they be? And why do they look so distraught?

The Chairman with the key is talking. "Will the meeting please come to order? Nominations may now be made for Secretary of this Convention."

The delegate in the bloomers and middy stands up. "I nominate Scribes' Corner,"

she says, pointing with her racquet at the thoughtful-looking girl.

"Athletics Page nominates Scribes' Corner. Is this motion seconded?"

Scribes' Corner, blushing and declaring she brought her pencils and memorandum pads only to take notes for the June issue, accepts the election.

The Chairman proceeds. "You have all received communications concerning the grave crisis which confronts us all. This meeting has been convened because Editor's Trail distinctly overheard Helen Ferris say that if the advertising pages keep increasing and the subscriptions don't jump some more, some of us will have to be eliminated."

A delegate with red hair now jumps to her feet. "I am the Table of Contents," she says decidedly, although no one dreams of denying it. "And I absolutely refuse to be eliminated. I—I—"

The Chairman bangs her key. "Contents, I pray, be calm. A magazine can be only just so large. And if more advertising comes in, what can the poor Editor do?"

"That's right," comments Editor's Trail. "Don't blame the Editor for everything. Of course, if I were made Editor, instead of just trailing along all the time, there would be many immediate improvements in THE AMERICAN GIRL. But still, I am the last person in the world to deny that Helen Ferris tries."

Grandly and impressively the Chairman now clears her throat and holds her key aloft. "I want to say first of all," she starts, in a queer, husky voice, "that I am perfectly willing to be left out. I will do whatever is for the good of the

magazine. But I ask you in all fairness, who is the most popular with the girls?

Every year, they send in more votes for me than for anyone else. For I am Mystery Stories. I hold the key to the River Acres Riddle. And I am of the adamantine opinion that I, of all of us should be the last one to be eliminated."

Hotly the delegate in the peaked hat speaks up. "Yes, Mystery Stories leads, but Boarding School Stories and I, Adventure, are so close behind you, we take off your rubbers on a rainy day! I absolutely insist that we be retained as long as you."

"And I," cries the delegate with the tennis racquet, "am Athletics.

I may be more or less of a new-comer, but I have my rights, too. Aren't the girls already writing Helen Ferris saying how nice I am? Really, I don't mean to be disagreeable but I—"

And what a pandemonium now ensues! Shut your eyes! Put your hands over your face! No Girl Scout Convention was ever like this! The Beholder waves her field glasses. Puzzles stands on her chair. Good Looks rushes to the front of the room, absolutely without her accustomed poise. The Picture Page, with her camera, runs madly about. And the Editor's Trail, aghast at what she brought about by calling the meeting, sobs aloud into her handkerchief.

But suddenly a calming voice is heard. No one can explain exactly how her beautifully modulated tones manage to triumph over the pandemonium. But it does.

"I am very, very new," says this delegate, who is older than the others. "I am Pages of the Girlhoods of Girl Scout Leaders. And my heart goes out to every one

(Continued on page 55)

A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 66

HELEN FERRIS, Editor  
CAMILLE DAVIED, Managing Editor

Advertising Representatives: Henry C. Paragoff, 80 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.; Donald Hoagland, 400 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Published monthly by the Girl Scouts, Inc., at National Headquarters, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.50 a year; \$2.00 for two years. Canadian postage, 25 cents a year extra. Foreign postage, 50 cents a year extra. Manuscripts must be accompanied by postage for their return if unavailable. THE AMERICAN GIRL assumes no responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Entered as second-class matter August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

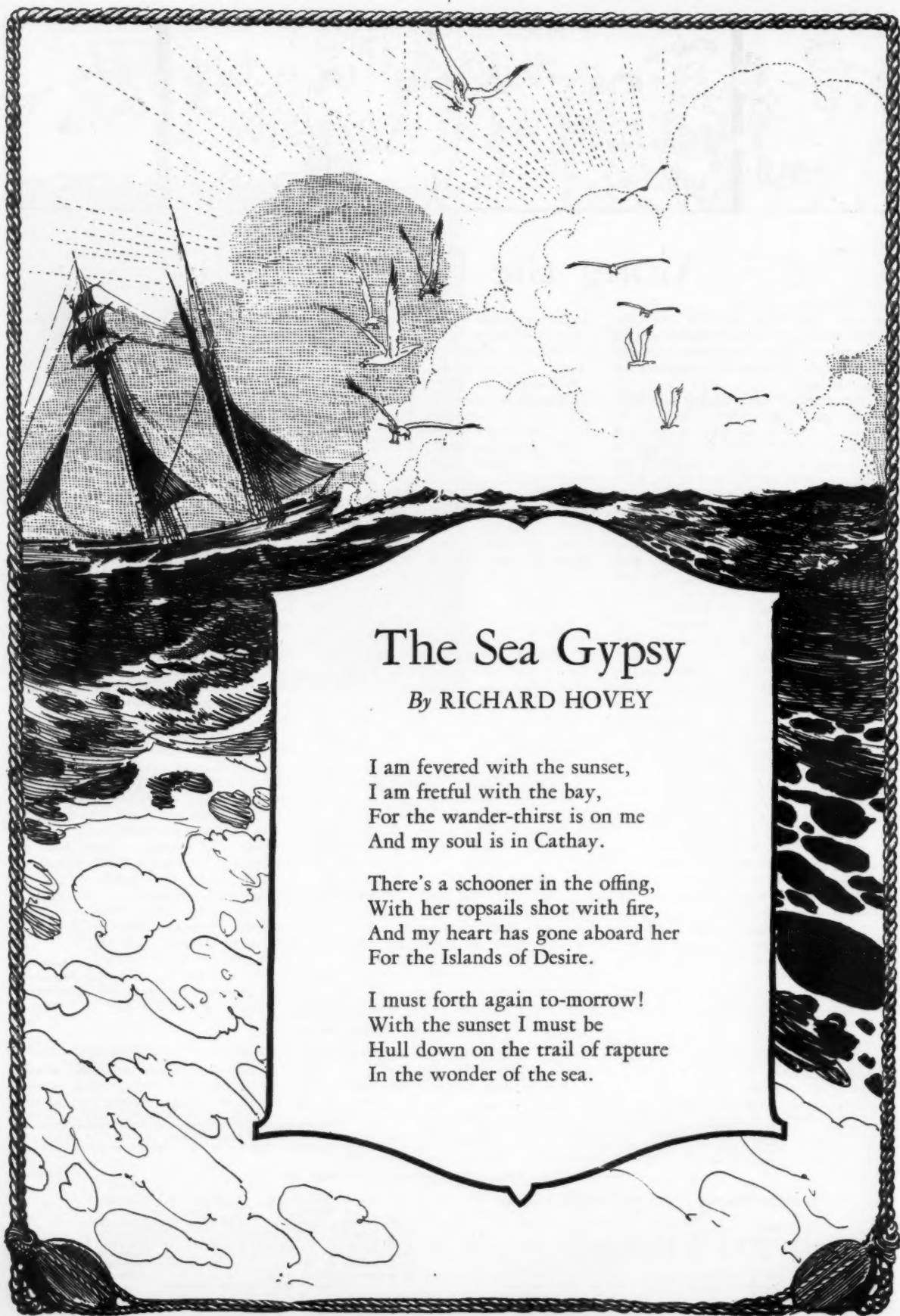
VOLUME IX

Copyright, 1926, National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, Inc.

NUMBER 5

Honorary President . . . MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE  
Mrs. T. J. PRESTON, JR.  
(Formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland)  
Honorary Vice-Presidents { MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT  
MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
MRS. WOODROW WILSON  
Founder . . . MRS. JULIETTE LOW  
Miss Sarah Louise Arnold . . . President  
Mrs. Herbert Hoover . . . First Vice-President

Mrs. Arthur O. Choate . . . Second Vice-President  
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald . . . Third Vice-President  
Mrs. William Hoffman . . . Fourth Vice-President  
Mrs. Vance C. McCormick . . . Fifth Vice-President  
Mrs. Frederick H. Brooke . . . Sixth Vice-President  
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady . . . Treasurer  
Mrs. Julius H. Barnes . . . Corresponding Secretary  
Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin . . . Director  
Counsel, Mr. Douglas Campbell



## The Sea Gypsy

By RICHARD HOVEY

I am fevered with the sunset,  
I am fretful with the bay,  
For the wander-thirst is on me  
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,  
With her topsails shot with fire,  
And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!  
With the sunset I must be  
Hull down on the trail of rapture  
In the wonder of the sea.

---

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

Helen Ferris, Editor

May, 1926

---



*"That door straight ahead!"  
Kate screamed back at him*

## Kate of the Jungle Cats

**K**ATE KENNEY hurried down the steps of Washington High School that Friday noon at eleven forty-five. She continued to hurry as she picked her way through the noisy, crowded traffic of Jennings Street. Twelve o'clock was sounding on nearby factory whistles when she turned into the broad front doors of Hook and Ladder Truck Company 59.

It was her father's company. Captain Con Kenney had served thirty smoky years in the fire department. For ten of these he had commanded Ladder Truck 59. He limped forward to meet his daughter, a tall, lean long-necked old

*"Thirty seconds late!" The instant meant disaster for Fire Company 59—  
Could the daughter of the Chief retrieve it?*

By CLARICE DETZER

*Illustrations by George Avison*

man, whose mustache was thicker on the left side than on the right.

"Good day to ye, gal!" he cried. "And a welcome! The pork chops is on the table and the potatoes in the kettle. We're caved in from the hunger, eh, Dooley?"

Driver Matt Dooley, down on his knees polishing the brass radiator of the ladder truck, ducked his head in an embarrassed grin, and agreed that he, at least, was caved in. Laddermen Hosey, Logan, and Court, who had been reading newspapers at the rear of the long apparatus room, stretched their knees.

"Hi, cookie!" Logan shouted. "Will you be needing of my help in the kitchen, or would the likes of me be in





Kate stumbled across her. Close to the baseboard the teacher lay

the way? Not that ye aren't a fine cook, yerself."

Kate Kenney took off her hat.

"Light the stove, Dooley," she answered. "The rest of you boys set the table. I've not much time."

Every Friday noon for three years Captain Kenney's daughter had swished her skirts into the company quarters and cooked dinner for five hungry men. She liked the fire department. She loved Truck 59—the Jungle Cats they were called, these roistering, howling fire fighters who served in her lame father's crew. For that section of the city, spreading broad from a great jumble of railroad sidings to the river, jammed with smoky, tindery old factories, with lumber yards, tracks, and narrow crooked streets, was known to firemen and police as "The Jungle." And the fearless climbers of Ladder 59 had earned the title of "cats" on more than one high, tottering wall.

Captain Kenney had not been lame always. It was only two years since he had limped on that stiff, left knee. He fell with a wall one gusty, black November night, lay three months in the hospital, and ever since had stepped warily, with a dragging foot. He was slower than he used to be. Even Kate saw that. She remembered how he once could leap from his chair by the alarm stand all the way to the high driving seat without touching step or wheel. Now he crawled up painfully. Only two weeks ago she had cried, out in a muddy street, to see him hitching up his ladder with a section of hose on his back, trailing his wounded knee, sweating with pain.

"Stove is lit, Miss," Dooley reported. "They's hot water, and plenty of it in the tap. Flour here, and salt's by your thumb."

Captain Kenney stumped to the kitchen door and looked in.

"Daughter," he began . . .

A lively gong at the front of the apparatus room rapped out a message that moment. Kate swung about, the skillet in her hands.

Three taps . . . six more . . . then five. A pause. Two taps, one, and two.

"Alarm of fire!" the bell was crying in department code. "You, Truck 59, this is fire alarm headquarters . . . pick up the telephone receiver . . . quick . . . ready . . ."

Dooley dropped his kettle and charged toward the front of the quarters. Hosey, Logan, and Court leaped to the running boards and jammed on their helmets. Captain Kenney, limping, ran to the alarm stand. He listened into the receiver. The operator at alarm headquarters sang out the location of the fire.

The captain swung about toward the truck.

"Jennings and Woods streets!" he howled at Dooley, who already had the motor humming. He ran three steps. His knee bent under him. While his daughter watched, Captain Kenney sprawled forward on the splintery floor,

cried out in pain, crawled, dropped, lay still. Hosey and Court leaped down to him. They turned him over, lifted him, set him on his unsteady feet, boosted him to his place on the right of the driver.

"Go!" he screamed. "Lost time! Make it up! Go!"

Trunk 59, racketting its bell, plunged out into the crowded street—thirty seconds late.

Thirty seconds . . . a long, long time in the fire department. Kate leaned against the door, one hand flung over her blue eyes. Her shoulders bent forward and shook a little. Her father had fallen . . . on a flat floor; her father whose duty was to climb risky ladders, to crawl over hot, swaying walls! Had to be helped to his seat! Thirty seconds late!

The alarm instrument was silent. There was no second alarm. Five minutes. Ten. She watched the clock fearfully. She must leave for school at five minutes past one. It was twelve fifteen now. Then the grumble of the great motor, the clatter of the bell. Truck 59 was back.

Her father slid down painfully from the seat. She ran toward him. His rubber jacket smelled of smoke. He walked unsteadily around the wheel, hung his leather helmet on the side of the truck, wrenched out of his tight, waterproof jacket.

"Rags burning in a cellar," he explained. "Engine 5 beat us in. They drowned it out."

Driver Dooley looked over his shoulder, discovered Kate's eyes staring at him and turned away.

"Dinner," Captain Kenney's daughter said. "Hurry . . . it'll be getting cold."

Engine 5 had beaten them in! Engine 5, with a quarter of a mile farther to travel! Her father's knee would need some explaining at main headquarters this time. She served rapidly, and once they were at table the laddermen fell to heartily. Only her father pecked at his food, as if his appetite were gone. His face had turned yellowish white, under its fire-fighting tan.

The plates emptied with incautious speed, were passed, refilled. Hosey, the first keen edge of his appetite dulled, had news:

"One of the boys on Engine 5 told me that the first question on the new examination for first-class firemen is what are the three steps of fighting fire."

"What's the answer, Hosey?" Driver Dooley asked.

Hosey paused with his fork in his mouth. He shook his head.

"Easy!" Captain Kenney grunted.

"Ventilate . . . that's the first," his daughter prompted.

"Ventilate, locate, and drown. That's the whole fire business in a single clap of the bell," her father said.

"Ventilate . . . open the windows, and get a draft going, to suck out the smoke so's we can get in. Then locate . . . locate the fire: with the drafts puffing through

it's easy to find it, most times. Then drown . . . drag your hose up and sock to it!"

A footstep sounded beyond the partition into the apparatus room. In the door appeared a neat, trim, slender officer of the department, black eyed and black haired, younger than Captain Kenney by twenty years, but with the bugles of a battalion chief on his cap.

He nodded to the men and bade them sit still, touched one finger to his cap for Kate, and called her father to the outer room.

Dooley put down his knife and fork, scowling at the bare table. "I kind of had a fear of that!" he grumbled.

"Aye, chief had his watch out when we got to that rag cellar. Explanations he'll be asking. How come Engine 5 beats us in and a lot more . . ." It was Hosey's lowered voice.

Kate glanced at the door. Beyond it she heard her father explaining.

"Like this it was, chief . . . any of the boys will tell you. I turns from the alarm stand . . . this way . . . and trips . . ."

"On what?"

"Why, kind of on the floor. I falls down . . . right there. It sort of knocks my breath out. And before I can get to the seat we've lost some time."

"How's your lame knee, Captain?" the battalion chief demanded. "It been acting up a little lately?" Don't you think you'd best go before the medical board? For your own good, you know . . ."

"Me? 'Fore the board? What do them doctors know about firemen? What, I ask you? All they can say is 'retire on half pay.' What would the Jungle Cats do without me? Tell me that!"

His words tumbled out fast; he shouted incautiously.

This was the moment he had feared, ever since he came limping back from the hospital. Kate had feared it too. She knew that her father was as brave as he ever had been, as unfrightened at great dangers, as splendid a leader. But that knee . . .

"Think it over, captain," the battalion chief concluded. "I'll talk to the big boss down town. Black mark against my battalion, you know . . . your late get-away this noon. Nothing personal. But we got to have speed."

Captain Kenney slumped back to the table. He did not look at his daughter, or at his men. They held a pitying silence. His hand trembled when he picked up his fork, and he did not go on with his meal. His thin forehead wrinkled with anxiety.

"What was you boys saying when I went out? Oh, yes, the three steps in fighting fire. Ventilate, locate, and drown . . . that's it."

They were still at the table when Kate hurried off to school. She had called her father out to the apparatus room with her. He leaned on her shoulder, heavily, as if he were an old, old man.

"Never mind what he said, Dad!" she told him. "You're good as you ever were! What's an old knee, anyhow?"

He looked so tired! So discouraged! Kate glanced at the clock on the wall above the oaken alarm stand. Twenty after one! She'd be tardy this noon. She must hurry. Hurry, and leave her father?

"Love o' ladders, gal! You'll be gettin' in late yourself!" he cried. "Run for it!"

Everything delayed her. First it was a long, shunting train, backing into a lumber yard. Next it was a traffic jam on noisy, muddy Jennings Street. By the time she ran breathlessly up the steps of Washington High School, the jeweler's clock on the opposite corner pointed to forty minutes past one. Ten minutes late! And her father had been only thirty seconds!

Class-room doors were shut. The big, lower corridor stood empty. On the stair to the second floor a sleepy janitor with a red beard was poking into corners with an oil mop. In the assembly room she reported at the desk.

"Tardy," she explained to the instructor on duty there. The other students looked up. "No . . . no excuse."

With notebook, pencil, and chemistry textbook under her arm, she hurried out into the hall. It was laboratory hour. Rooms for the science department lay at the end of a long passage in the old section of the building. Washington High School, growing like a mushroom in an overcrowded neighborhood, consisted of one old wing and two newer portions. A long, narrow corridor connected them.

Kate turned the corner at the top of the stair, opened the corridor door, started in, and leaped backward.

Smoke!

Thick, greasy smoke puffing up from the floors, down from the ceiling, out of the walls. Smoke! Fire! And the laboratory at the other end! How far away!

She turned quickly and raced toward the top of the stair, where a small, red, cast-iron box was made fast to a pillar. She yanked open the front of the box; jerked down on the lever. A bell clanged instantly. Class-room doors swung open. Five hundred pairs of nervous feet scraped the stairs.

The principal came running, a

(Continued on page 43)



Her father slid down painfully from the seat. "Engine 5 beat us in. They drowned it out"

# Chub's Old Doodle-Do

WITH tawny gray flanks heaving, great yellow eyes glaring, tufted ears flat to its head and a ridiculously small stump of a tail lashing furiously from side to side, the big Canadian lynx crouched under a windfall and rested for a moment in its violent struggle to free itself from the terrible jaws of the steel trap that gripped the toes of its right forepaw. For an hour it had been struggling, clawing, biting, and hissing in a frenzied effort to rid itself of this rattling, clanking, merciless metal thing, with its long chain and fiendish clog, until now the great cat of the north woods was well nigh exhausted.

The old lynx, big and powerful and wise with years of roaming the ridge of Saddle-back Mountain, had at last been trapped. A cunningly arranged series of trip sticks in one of its accustomed paths along the mountainside, and the steel trap carefully hidden, had been its downfall. Dave Yerry, the fire warden who manned the watch tower on the top of Saddle-back Mountain, had been trying for months to trap the beast, and at last his campaign had succeeded. The Canadian lynx had been well aware of Dave's efforts to catch her, and had played the game as fearlessly and as cunningly as he had, exposing first one trap and then another, robbing them of bait, and in other ways indicating to the often-chagrined Dave that she was just a little wiser than he was. Indeed, sometimes she would even follow stealthily along his trail, watching him as he climbed the mountain from his little log cabin at the foot to the fire tower at the top. Dave could feel the great yellow eyes fastened upon him and often he had stepped out of the trail, and with rifle ready, waited in the underbrush, hoping that the lynx would come into view.

But the big cat never exposed herself and Dave could not get a shot at her, although more than once he had fired at a swiftly moving brown shadow that slipped through the underbrush on the mountainside below him. Annoyed by the way the lynx outguessed him at every turn, Dave took to studying the animal's movements by its footprints and other trail signs until he discovered that the big cat had a series of runways, scarcely perceptible as such, reaching up and down the ridge of mountains. Dave

*Powerful and crafty, the old lynx slid out of the forest shadows into the sunlight where Chub played—a thrilling story of the perils of the deep woods, and an unexpected hero*

By J. IRVING CRUMP

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull



The big Canadian lynx struggled to free itself from the terrible jaws of the steel trap.

knew a lynx to be the stealthiest of forest dwellers, rarely making a sound as it moved through the woods. It would never step on a twig that was likely to break under its weight and cause even the faintest snap in the silent forest. This gave Dave an idea. On one of the big cat's trails he lay a series of light dry sticks across the animal's path so arranged that the beast, to avoid treading on them, would have to step between them. Between the sticks he hid a steel trap lightly covered over with leaves scraped together with hands covered with rabbit-skin gloves so that the tell-tale man smell would not linger near the trap. It had been effective.

Dave set the trap on his way down from the fire tower in the evening knowing that the lynx prowled most through the night-darkened forest.

Two hours later the big cat came softly down the trail, caught the scent of Dave's rabbit fur gloves, and with its attention distracted for the moment had instinctively stepped over the treacherous sticks full into the trap. With a clank, the steel jaws clamped home and the lynx, surprised, leaped into the air with a scream of rage and fear. Spitting, clawing, and thrashing about in the underbrush the lynx fought with this terrible, relentless, merciless enemy that held fast to her foot despite every effort she made to tear it loose. It held fast no matter how hard she fought with it, and bit deep through skin and flesh, deep into the bone of her toes.

Dave Yerry in his cabin at the foot of the mountain heard the screams of the big lynx as they echoed faintly down to him, and turned over in his bed with a smile.

"Reckon I got the old varmint this time," he mumbled to himself as, thinking of how he would get the lynx out of the trap in the morning, he dozed off to sleep again.

But the fire warden was counting his chickens a little too early. The powerful old lynx had many hours of darkness in which to free herself from the trap before Dave searched for her at daylight. Intermittently struggling and fighting with the trap, the big cat dragged it and its heavy clog through the woods for more than a mile until she found the shelter of a little gully that a number of big windfalls converted into a weird and gloomy retreat.



Here she rested for a long time while with rough tongue she licked at the blood that trickled down her foot where the steel jaws cut the flesh. Three of her four toes were locked in the trap, the jaws gripping them in the hollow between the toe pads and the heavy pad of her heel. Though the lynx could not realize it, she was not held half so securely as Dave Yerry hoped she was. Already the jaws had cut through skin and flesh and the bones at the joints of the toe were broken by the animal's struggle. It had been painful at first, but a strange numbness had set in and the cat hardly knew that the three toes with their terrible hooked claws, projecting below the jaws of the trap belonged to her foot. More painful to her was the sense that she was a captive, no longer free to wander where she would.

Now and again this realization seemed to beat home more forcefully and drove her into a frenzy of struggling. And once during one of these mad efforts to rid herself of the trap, she climbed to the trunk of one of the prostrated trees, and half leaped and half threw herself across the ten feet of intervening space toward a rock. The clog caught under a branch as she jumped and the chain tightening while the cat was in mid air, jerked her back. She turned a somersault and dropped toward the ground. All her weight fell on the taut chain and for a moment she hung suspended, swaying pendulously as she kicked and clawed and struggled in this new position of torture. Then suddenly something parted. The bone and flesh of her toes, unable to stand the strain longer, gave way. With a sharp cry of pain she dropped to the forest floor, free, with a mangled and bleeding stump where her paw had been. Her three toes remained between the jaws of the trap. For a moment she did not seem to sense the fact that she was free. She looked up at the dangling trap and down at her mangled paw. Then suddenly she slipped

limply but silently away and disappeared in the night-swathed forest.

Dave Yerry, with the instincts of a woodsman, awakened before the first shimmering shafts of the sun began to lave the tops of Saddle-back ridge in their morning bath of golden light. While his fourteen-year-old daughter Mabel and her two-year-old brother Chub were yet sleeping soundly he took his rifle down from above the yawning fireplace in the main room of the cabin and slipped out and up the mountainside. Straight to the lynx runway he hurried and presently he came to the point where the trap had been set and the lynx had torn up the ground and the underbrush in its first frantic struggles. The trail of the animal dragging the trap and the clog was not difficult to follow, and Dave went down the slope toward the gully, filled now with the weird half-light of dawn and looking spooky and ghostly with all the gnarled limbs of the wind-fallen trees reaching upward like so many gaunt and clutching arms.

A moment of searching, with rifle held ready and Dave's eyes found the dangling trap gripping the three bloody stumps of toes.

"By thunder, she's got away! Fooled me again! Pshaw!" Dave examined the toes, unloosened the trap from the clog and with it slung across his shoulder, picked his way out of the gully and down the mountain toward the cabin again, where a spiral of smoke rising above the tops of the somber firs and spruces told him that Mabel had started a fire and was preparing breakfast.

Mabel, smiling expectantly, with Chub wabbling on fat little legs behind her, came to the door as her father dropped the trap with a clanking bang on the front porch.

"Did you catch the old lynx this time, Dad?" she queried. Then looking at the trap with the three bloody

(Continued on page 38)



A veritable feathered thunderbolt, Doodle-Do hurled himself at the tawny cat

# When I Was a Girl

**Y**OUR genial editor, Helen Ferris, has asked me to recite some memories of my girlhood to my Girl Scout comrades. I thought it would be easy to do it; but now, as I set myself about it, it is almost as if I were climbing the stairs to the big open room called, in those days, the garret. This room was full of treasures dear to the hearts of children and I loved to search them out under the eaves. The same feeling comes back as I search amongst the treasured memories that belong to my girlhood days. I cannot sort them out! They belong all together.

The old gray house in which I was born is in the "Old Colony"—Plymouth Colony—in Massachusetts. It faced toward the west. I saw the sun go down across the field behind the tall pines, with an oak tree in their group. Nearby was the orchard, dear for its blossoms in May and its precious fruit in the fall; but dear also because the branches were low and crooked and easy to climb! Fine seats they made, too, if one wanted to read—and always there was the soft turf beneath, and the welcome shade. I loved it all!

To me real homes always face westward and give one a broad view of the sunset across open fields. Then to know the points of the compass you have only to stand on the old brown road with the left hand towards the sunset—and of course your right hand stretches toward the north and Boston; south, behind you, it reaches on to old Plymouth and the coast!

I have told you that the gray house was filled to the brim with children of all ages. I always had older brothers and sisters, and younger brothers and sisters. I never knew as a child that every one of them was helping to make me ready to join the Girl Scouts when they came along. I laugh today as I remember how one brother seized some trifle of mine and when I called for it said: "Will you have it now or wait till you get it?"

A good family with brothers and sisters and father and mother makes a good patrol, and, as in the patrol of Girl Scouting, everyone lends a hand. I shall never be sorry that because there were so many of us we sometimes had to "do without" something we wanted very much so that



*A girl who swung on the gate as the sun went down*

By

**SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD**

*National President of The Girl Scouts*

somebody else might have a thing much wanted. In such a family we learned to "do with" the things we had at hand; and to "do without" the things we could not have, and yet to smile. Perhaps that is Girl Scouting. I have seen the Girl Scouts practising these two useful things many a time.

Other dear things belonged to the old gray house with its square rooms and many-paned windows. The gray fence that bounded the "front yard" was so built that a girl might swing on its gate as the sun went down. Venturesome brothers might walk on its flat-topped rail. Many rose bushes were grouped together beneath the open windows; they seemed to me to have been always in blossom! Damask roses they were, low, deep red, and sweet as any rose that ever blossomed. At the corner of the house, near the front yard, were big, generous lilac bushes and between their great stems underneath there was room for an ample playhouse. What fun we had there!

How sweet the lilacs were in the early spring and how generous was their hospitality! Here we girls "played house" and entertained all our friends, both real and "make-believe," for, of course, every girl knows that playing house requires imagination, and you welcome into your Lilac House parlor all manner of friends whom you would like to entertain. Some people call this "make-believe," but I know it is real as can be!

A little country town in the earlier days did not furnish the excitement of the present day amusements for girls and boys. Neither automobiles nor "movies" had arrived. Houses were far apart, the center of the town a long way off, and the "good times" were simple in the extreme. I had four girl cousins, all of whom were near my age—a bit older, or a bit younger. We had berrying parties when we spent the entire day in the fields and pastures where the blueberries or blackberries grew. This was always a free,

happy day, with the wideness of the fields, the brightness of the sun, and the sweetness of the winds everywhere. How I wish every girl might know what it means to hear the blueberries fall into the basket or pail, and to find the clumps of bushes where the fruit grows heaviest. I hope many of you have such fun as you are growing up.



*As Dean of Simmons College, Miss Arnold was the loved ideal of many girls—and it was here that the creating of beautiful homes led her to Girl Scout Homemaking*



The gray house in the "Old Colony"—"To me real homes always face westward and give one a view of the sunset across open fields"

And of course, we had skating and sledding and sleighing in the glorious winter days!

And I remember a house party—which nobody called a house party then, but which *we* called a "good time." My four girl cousins went with me up to a house on the hill overlooking the sea, and the rocks where the waves dashed high. There we could run and play to our hearts' content. There we had a whole happy week. We had the house and the rocks and the sea all to ourselves. We clambered over the rocks, waded into the water to get the treasures hidden under the seaweed at low tide, bathed in the clear salt water with uproarious fun, and tramped for miles on the long hard beach, which then we virtually had to ourselves. We came home hungry as bears and our good aunt saw that we were well fed. That, too, was fun, and the sea came to be my good friend when I was still a child.

Besides the roses and the lilacs I had the scent of the Balm of Gilead trees, always sweetest in the early evenings. With them I always think of the far-off shades settling over the fields and the brook that we called "Beetle Head." More pine trees and wider fields were there, and from their depths came the call of the whip-poor-will in the early evening. Lilacs and whip-poor-wills and dusk after sunset seemed to belong to the old gray house.

I must not forget the grape blossoms in the early summer and the exquisite fragrance of the grapes in the fall. I remember my mother standing under the grape arbor and saying to me, "How beautiful the blossoms of the oak trees are this morning!" I looked with all my eyes for I had never dreamed that oak trees had blossoms, and I ran across the field down into the hollow and up the hill (which I now call a knoll) to find the long brown fringe hanging from the limbs of the oak trees. Every spring in the years since, I have seemed to hold my mother's hand when the brown tassels hang on the oak trees, and they are more beautiful every year.

My mother loved the morning-glory, too, and the sweet fern and the bayberry and the "life everlasting." Homely things they were, and their fragrance calls back the thought of my mother and her love for them.

I think that must be one reason why I rejoice when Girl Scouts are out in the open. The earlier the better, Girl Scouts! The longer you will have them with you, the more they will mean to you.

Going to school meant walking a mile or more. At

almost every house on the way another girl, or a boy or two, would be added to the group, and so walking to school was a "good time." I remember the high school more plainly than any other, and in particular the long noons when those who "brought their dinner" could ramble in the pine woods, or gather violets down in the meadow. At thirteen I graduated and wrote a remarkable graduating essay on pink paper with a very queer girlish handwriting. There was very little sense in the production as I found on rereading it when I was older.

I do remember one great excitement of my girlhood when, at thirteen, I joined in the Town Spelling Match, which was held in the church vestry. To my surprise I won out, failing ingloriously at last on a French word that I had never seen! The prize, which I treasure to this very day, was a volume of poems, called *Parnassus*, which had been collected by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

*Parnassus* was my first really fine book, belonging to me and to nobody else. I remember taking *Parnassus* and going over into the field and sitting beside a haystack just at sunset, and committing to memory Bryant's lines *To a Water Fowl*. Now when I see the geese flying south I always remember the scent of the hay, and the joy of the words that I learned to love in the beautiful poem. Perhaps you already know it and could recite it with me!

Since I was not old enough to go away to school, after I graduated from high school, the family thought the natural thing to do until I was old enough to go away was to stay at home and "help mother."

So I had for three years a very precious companionship. The days were always filled with homelike and natural things that must be done in any household where children must be dressed and fed, the family food prepared, the clothes mended—most of them—and the house kept in order. How much these years meant I did not understand until afterwards. You see I called it "staying at home and helping mother." I did not know then that it was a vital part of my education and training.

I have a very vivid memory of one morning in March just after my sixteenth birthday. The whole world was covered deep with the new-fallen snow. I stood in the doorway of the old gray house, and heard across the still white fields the slow tones of the church bell tolling. That

(Continued on page 56)



*"What would you do if a bandit walked into your house?" Of course a Girl Scout should be resourceful, but Pamela knew she was a coward. You asked for Jane Abbott stories—here is a thrilling one*

*Illustrations by  
Douglas Ryan*



*She looked up at Uncle Eke's picture over the mantelpiece*

FOR several weeks after daring outlaws broke into Jake Thompson's Cash-and-Carry grocery store and carried off the cash in broad daylight, the little town of Martinsville bolted its doors and windows, drew its shades tight and placed its lamps where no shadow might hint of treasure to lurking evil-doers without.

Behind the bolted doors and in little watchful groups on the common, men and women whispered of what had happened, argued over the exact amount and what Thompson was going to do next, and why the county had not found the men. Minnie Tewksbury, who had been the only one in the store when the burglars came and who admitted to Jake Thompson (but to no one else) that she'd hidden behind a sugar barrel the minute she laid eyes on the men, became the object of awed interest. Jim Barnes, who had been Town Constable until a Democratic administration had displaced him, opined that the "fellars 'ud come back—you wait and see. They're prob'ly hiding off in the woods beyond the swamp and some fine night the bank'd go—or they'd break into Jeff Calkin's house, or mebbe the Palace The-a-tre or mebbe into any one of our homes—they won't be satisfied with just what they stole from Jake Thompson's." He knew their kind—if he was constable!

Though reading of the bold hold-up on the first page of the *Springfield Republican* gave Martinsville a pleasant

## Pamela's Bandit

By JANE ABBOTT

sense of importance, it did not lighten its apprehension. Minnie Tewksbury clipped the column and pasted it into the family Bible and Jim Barnes borrowed the expression "bandit" from it, but the good people of the village only redoubled their vigilance and listened the harder through the night for stealthy steps at door or window.

For a few weeks—then even little frightened Martinsville had to think of other things. The Baptist Minister's wife died sitting right up in her chair, and young Willie Bradish shipped on a whaler from Falmouth where he'd been visiting his uncle, and Sylvia Calkins came home from New York with her hair clipped short like a boy's. Martinsville had to talk of all that and gradually began to forget the bandits and how Minnie Tewksbury was sick abed for a week from the scare she got. Spring planting was on and spring housecleaning; the new Methodist Church was going to have a Silver Social, and the high school was giving *She Stoops to Conquer*.

But the boys and girls of Martinsville did not let the affair at Thompson's take second place to anything; it had been too pulse-stirring, too wholly absorbing. They still talked about it between classes, tracked down clues on their own account, trailed through the swamp and the adjoining woodland, set watches by night. Rob Purdy swore he'd seen three men over a camp fire and would've "got" them

if he'd only taken along his father's rifle, but they'd been armed—he'd seen the wicked pistols in their belts, and knives, too, and he had nothing but a club he'd picked up in the wood. And he was alone.

"Wish I'd been along with Purdy," Carl Joyce had groaned. He was walking with Pamela Sykes and Meg Jordan when he said it. "I wouldn't've cared whether I had a gun or not. I'd have surprised them and just hollered 'hands up' to them——"

Pamela had gasped, "Oh Carl!" in awed admiration of Carl's daring, but Meg had scoffed: "What would you do if they *didn't* put up their hands?"

"Well, I wouldn't sneak off the way Purdy did! A reg'lar girl's trick——"

Then Meg had flamed. "I guess a girl is just as brave as a boy, Carl Joyce! A Girl Scout is, anyway!"

Carl had laughed loudly. "Oh, you *think* you are. But I'd just like to see you if suddenly that bandit that broke into Thompson's walked into *your* house! What would you do, say, honest?"

Meg had been very sure what she'd do. She'd tackle him—she hadn't watched football in the school yard for nothing. "Yea, you would!" taunted Carl, teasingly.

"Yes, I would. And then I'd sit on his face and call and call for help——"

"And I suppose he'd lie there with his hands clasped pretty——" jeered her tormentor.

"Well, I'd do *something* with his hands. I'd think of something. A Girl Scout can always think of something in an emergency." Oh, Meg was so sure of herself that even Carl looked at her with a glimmer of respect. And Pamela worshiped her!

She had left Meg and Carl at the turn of the Windom Road, still thrilling over Meg's daring spirit, wishing *she* dared to think what she'd do if the bandit walked in on *her*. But she could not force any such gallant vision when just considering such a possibility set her trembling.

For a long time poor Pam had carried a little secret sense of self-shame. She did not want to be a coward, but she guessed she was. She couldn't walk the ties of the trestle at Snyder's Cut for fear of dropping into the ravine. She couldn't watch lightning; her heart turned faint at sight of a spider. Though she tried gallantly to play *Tap-the-ice-box* and *Pom-pom-peel-a-way* in the schoolyard, something inside her turned sick when the game grew rough and she always withdrew under some pretext. When the doctor came and sewed up her brother's forehead after he fell from the hay loft, she had gone faint simply *knowing* what the doctor was doing while mother had stood very still by the dining-room table on which Gordon lay and had held a basin. Mother had talked for a long time about how she hadn't flinched. Oh, yes, Pam guessed she was a coward. And she hated being a coward, having to cover her silly weaknesses with fibs about having a headache or a turned ankle.

Her self-shame was the harder to bear because she had to lock it in her own soul. She couldn't even tell her mother. She had tried to tell her mother the day she withdrew from basketball practice after Joan Masters had given Meg's cheek a long bloody scratch.

"Mother, is a girl who's—who hates to do anything risky—where she might get hurt—an awful coward? I—I know a girl—like that."

She was glad mother had not looked at her. Mother was darning stockings and she had bent closer to her work. "Not necessarily," she had answered. "That dread of being hurt is mostly physical. At the time of a great need that very person might show the bravest spirit. You tell that girl you know that just doing one's duty sometimes demands the greatest courage." Pam's mother loved maxims, gave them liberally. And after this one poor Pam had found a small comfort in assiduously seeking out "duties" and making the most of them. But "duties," no matter how punctiliously performed, had not the breath-taking quality of meeting a bandit face to face!

A few days after this Pam volunteered to go over and stay with the Jordan children so that Mrs. Jordan might attend the school play. Unless someone did, Meg's mother could not see Meg be "in it." And Pam saw it as a "duty," the more exacting because it would not be very pleasant sitting alone in the quiet house.

The Jordan and Sykes farms adjoined, back to back. The one was unyielding and barren while the other was fertile and tilled with the latest farm machinery. Pam liked to run through her father's trim kitchen garden, through the orchard, down between the wire fences of the cow lane to the stone hedge that divided the properties, then across the stony field that in summer yielded nothing more than wild carrots, to pick her way among a litter of old cans and pieces of wagon spring, rusting implements and scurrying chickens to the Jordan woodshed. She liked the Jordans' kitchen, heavy with the odor of cooking and souring milk pans, cluttered with unwashed dishes and unironed clothes. She liked the Jordans' sitting-room crowded with a hodge-podge of chairs and "tidied" wherever a piece of crochet could be affixed. She liked to study with Meg, curled up on the shabby settee opposite the mantel upon which the blue and red and yellow pot-pourri jars that Mrs. Jordan had secured with tea coupons, held places of honor, flanking the picture of Meg's Uncle Eke. She thought Uncle Eke most interesting and at times actually envied Meg having an uncle who lived in the wild west. She even felt an awed respect for the parlor, unused since Meg's father's funeral, with its stiff Nottingham curtains and its flower-splashed carpeting and the onyx clock that had been a wedding



Carl Joyce was walking with Pamela and Meg. "Wish I'd been along with Purdy," he said

present. In her tender longing to share with Meg what Meg's mother called "ups and downs," she suffered more than once an uneasy embarrassment at her own comfortable lot, her cheery home, her mother's leisure, her own pretty clothes.

"I'm going over to stay with Cecy and Pete tonight while Mrs. Jordan goes down to see the play," Pamela told her mother on the afternoon of the all-important day. "She can't leave them alone in the house and it'd be an awful shame for her not to see Meg—Meg's so wonderful. I'll take my nightdress and stay all night."

"But, Pam—" her mother had looked at her anxiously. "I thought you had your heart set on going to the play? Aren't they going to dance afterwards? And there, I fixed your pink organdy—"

Pam answered with some impatience. As though even a pink organdy mattered! "I saw the dress rehearsal, mother. And think how you'd feel if you couldn't see me in a play—" And that silenced her mother.

So after supper Pam gathered her books and went through the orchard and across the fields to the Jordans.

Meg already had gone. Mrs. Jordan was scurrying about the kitchen, shooing the small Jordans before her. A huge apron was fastened over her "good" dress and her hat rode askew on her wispy hair.

She greeted Pam with a long drawn breath. "If the sky'd fall next I wouldn't be a mite surprised. What d'ye think? That hired boy of Ohler's brought me a letter from Uncle Eke and he's comin' here this very day! Like as not on the eight-ten, tonight. I just sat down plump, I was that stumped when I read it. Looking for him we've been, nigh on to sixteen years, and now he walks in on us to-night of all nights! I could 'a' cried. But that's like Eke. I said to Meg: 'That's Eke all over!' But Meg said I'd gotta see the play. And I'm going to—"

"Oh, you must see it!" Pam agreed. But she knew how torn Mrs. Jordan must be. The family, indeed, had waited for sixteen years for Uncle Eke to come! Pam knew that his was the name that spelled magic in the humble household, that had the power to spread the rainbow when things were darkest, whose gifts, inappropriate though they were, made the recurring holidays really days of rejoicing for the Jordans, whose occasional letters containing small bills and bigger promises literally kept the Jordan family going. Pamela knew what those promises were, she had heard them

often from Meg. When Uncle Eke came they'd move into the town, maybe into one of those new bungalows with the white tiled bathrooms, they'd have a Ford, and certainly she'd have more than one made-over school dress and one "good" dress to her name. And her mother could have a girl come in to help and wouldn't be working her fingers to the bone. Pam had hoped as hard as Meg that Uncle Eke would come and work these happy changes. And now he was coming—but on this night of all nights!

"Mebbe he'll come on the eight-ten and mebbe on the nine-fifteen. Wouldn't you think he'd let a body know? But that's Uncle Eke!" Pride mingled with worry in Mrs. Jordan's voice. "I said to Meg he'll understand when you tell him. But dear me, what if he doesn't? Anyways, I've made a fresh mince pie—it's the last of my mince meat—and it's there in the oven and there's some cold corned beef and some piccalilli and some bread baked this very morning and if he comes on the eight-ten, you must just set him to eating. Eke Zander's better-natured with his stomach full."

Pamela assured Mrs. Jordan that she would feed Uncle Eke, explain to him, entertain him until she could get back from the play. "And you must hurry, Mrs. Jordan! You'll be late and you mustn't miss one single word!"

Making incoherent and alternate sounds of uncertainty and conviction the poor woman finally departed, leaving Pamela a little perturbed, with the sink full of dishes, the small Jordans to cajole into going to bed, and Uncle Eke to expect.

"Whatever will I do if Uncle Eke comes? I most wish he wouldn't," poor Pam was thinking over and over as she began the hopeless task of making order out of the chaos in the kitchen.

When the kitchen door suddenly opened, she gave a little gasp of dismay, so sure was she that it *was* Uncle Eke, already. But it was Mrs. Jordan back, her face purple, her hand at her side.

"Goodness me, I ran all the way from the corner! I forgot to tell you, Pam. The tractor money! It's in that blue crock there on the shelf. I says to Meg, I wouldn't trust the bank as much as my blue crock, since that bandit broke into Thompson's store. But like as not, if the bandit comes here, he'd look into that crock the first thing! And that hired boy of Ohler's says he saw a queer looking feller hanging around down past Newton's this blessed morning. Now, what will I do with it?" She stood in the center of the room, her eyes roving wildly from corner to corner while poor Pam, clung to the sink in a nausea of terror.

"I know! I'll hide it under the cushion of that rocker in the sitting-room. He wouldn't be as likely to look there as he would in a crock. Anyway, if he comes, you can set on it—"

She took her treasure from the crock and flew with it into the sitting-room. Pam heard the creak of the rockers. Then Mrs. Jordan whisked out of the house, with a last injunction in which Uncle Eke and mince pie and the tractor money were jumbled together. And of which Pam heard nothing, for she was held cold and rigid in a great gripping fear.

The Ohlers' hired boy had seen a queer looking man idling around the Newton place. Maybe the fellow knew about the tractor money. Everyone in Martinsville did. Mrs. Jordan had been saving it bit by bit and only two days before had closed

(Continued on page 45)



"You—you—sha'n't—go in—there"





"Form excellent! Lay on speed!" the coxswain calls

## Stroke, Stroke, Stroke!

**W**HY is crew the most popular sport at Wellesley College? For many reasons. But the biggest reason is the age-old enchantment of water. In the presence of water, human beings are all web-footed ducks. The sound of

water, the smell of water, the "feel" of water—who does not love them? Little boys rig up paper boats and launch them on a rain-pool. Little girls soak in bath tubs longer than cleanliness demands. Columbus dared the blue Atlantic with three toy ships. America, every summer, flocks to the shore of a lake or a river or the sea, to fish, swim, boat. And the crews at Wellesley, in the spring and fall seasons, practise up and down, in and out, beautiful Lake Waban.

"Quicker pull with the left arm!" calls the faculty coach from her shiny motor boat.

*Stroke, stroke, stroke!*

"Quicker pull . . ." echoes the coxswain.

Eight oarswomen tighten their arm-muscles. The sun on eight oars flashes—goes out—flashes. There is a swift pull, a swifter get-away with the arms, and a slow body and seat recovery. The "Washington stroke," it is called. The technique was first developed by the crew coach at the University of Washington. Later, it was adopted by the crews of Wellesley, Yale, and other universities.

"Backs straight!" cautions the coach.

Eight backs immediately imitate iron pokers.

"Form excellent! Lay on speed!"

The barge is no longer a barge. It is merely a streak.

*Stroke, stroke, stroke!*

It's an honor to be on the Freshmen or Sophomore crew. It's a greater honor to be on an Upper Class crew. It's (as a Wellesley girl once remarked) an *excruciating* honor to be on the Varsity crew. No wonder a girl, after passing the physical examination and receiving the coveted A or B—not lower!—in posture, elects "strenuous sports" instead of "light" or "medium" and goes out for crew. Of course, if she doesn't happen to qualify, she isn't broken-hearted, by any means—for who could be broken-hearted with golf and archery and field hockey and volley ball and basket ball and lacrosse and I don't know what else await-

ing her? And who could sigh for weeks if she doesn't make the crew or the team when there's the swing of the sticks or the rush of the ball for the fun of it? Yes, every girl is welcomed at sports in Wellesley, whether she's tall and thin or short

and fat. But there *is* that call of the water for some, there *is* that alluring Wellesley barge!

Not that a Wellesley barge of today is like the Wellesley barge of yesterday. Far from it. When Henry Fowle Durant, founder of the institution, introduced the sport because it symmetrically develops a girl's body, the first equipment consisted of three heavy eight-oared cutters, similar to the cutters used in naval training stations. They were cumbersome, but not too cumbersome to give Wellesley visitors a joy ride on the lake and not too cumbersome to create an infinite gusto in the student body.

Crew costumes have changed as much as crew boats. In 1876 the girl who tugged at an oar was snappily dressed in a little stiff sailor perched sky-high on her head, a tall-necked blouse with dignified sleeves reaching to the wrist, and a pleated blue flannel skirt which touched (very decorously) the ground.

How different, the 1926 crew! Lake Waban is much the same lake that it was fifty years ago: a blue expanse surrounded by green woods and green-brown fields. The purpose of crew training is, also, much the same: pleasure, health, sportsmanship. But the rowers and the rowboats! Today the eight-oared barges, although built of light boards, are much heavier than the thin shells which men use for racing. On the sliding seats are eight rowers; at the stern, steering, is the light-weight "cox." They are dressed, sensibly, in white jerseys, navy blue knickers, and black shoes and stockings. 1926 has forgotten to be prudish.

But 1926 has not forgotten its team work. Members of a crew pull together, straighten together, root together. The winning crew is a well-oiled machine skimming the lake. The cogs in the machine are young girls. Every girl knows that a perfect co-ordination of back and shoulders with the "leg drive" is required in rowing. She knows, also, that co-ordination between individual rowers is absolutely essential. Work together! If crew teaches nothing else, it teaches

that slogan. But it teaches more. There are no finer specimens of young womanhood than these undergraduates who know a boat and love the water.

Several years ago the faculty coach at Wellesley feared a stampede in the direction of crew. Every girl on the campus seemed to hanker after a wooden oar. Accordingly, the standards for crew were raised. Posture is stressed more and more as a crew requirement. All of Wellesley is benefitted. Stoop shoulders are no longer tolerated. Stoop shoulders simply "aren't worn." Three weeks of training are rigidly enforced. Muscle is built up, "wind" is increased. Rowers don't mind. The reward comes later—many rewards. The handsome crew cup goes to the class that wins the Spring Competition. An individual cup, all silver, is handed to the best oarswoman of the year. But that isn't all. Oh no! The names of first and second class oarswomen are blazoned forth on the bulletin board. On Float Night—glorious occasion—first-class rowers get blue circles with crossed oars; second class, plain blue circles. The symbols are worn proudly on jersey sweater sleeves. Not as proudly as a Wellesley "W," however, for a "W" is the supreme award, given only to those girls who row, first class, for two whole years. Shivers of hope usher in Float Night. "Will I . . . Or won't I?"

And then—a shadow-blue evening and it is early June. Before sunset, the guests assemble on the shore. They chatter. They laugh. An old couple sitting on their spread coats are strenuously on the side of a daughter who is rowing for the Juniors; a Yale man leaning against a maple-tree is engaged to marry the Senior "cox." The stout lady next to him cares nothing for the Senior "cox." She is engrossed in the number of blues displayed on Lake Waban. "I've counted eleven!" she announces to the sober gentleman on the left. He is nonplussed. "Eleven what?"

One by one, the crews come down the half-mile course. Speed is no object. The judges on shore (most of them rowing coaches from men's colleges) watch like curious chicken-hawks the forward bend, the arm movement, the recovery. *Stroke, stroke, stroke!* The spectators try to hold the lovely picture with their eyes. A needlelike barge shooting over the water. Nothing in the world is bluer than Lake Waban. Nothing in the world is whiter than those Wellesley sweaters. So much loveliness. . . .

But the barge dips out of sight. Another barge is approaching.

It is dark now. A searchlight stabs here, there, at the water. At the foot of the course, the barges make a straight-line formation. A signal, and they go like comets. *Stroke, stroke, stroke!* Speed, as well as form, is counted now. The spectators cheer. Light drenches each boat. The Juniors are ahead! Neck and neck with the Seniors! The Seniors gain! What's that spurt from the Sophomores? Poor Freshmen . . . The Juniors! No, it's the

Seniors! Look again! Seniors! Seniors! SENIORS!

The crowd has gone quite mad. They no longer sit. They stand on their feet and wave frantic arms. Yes, the Seniors have won. Everyone seems glad. After all, these Seniors are about to graduate. Commencement week they are—and they should be!—the beloved girls in college. Someone starts a staccato yell: *Rah! Rah! rah, rah, rah—!*

It is time now to be the least little bit sentimental. The four first crews form a huge "W" on the black lake. Over it, alternately, flash the three class colors. Blue, green, orange. How brilliant they are! The Freshmen raise their oars to sing a favorite boat song. *Silent now the drowsy bird. . . .* Music on the water. What is more magical? The voices are young, too—so sweetly young. They break like ripples; they are lost in the blue-black. The Sophomores raise their oars. Then the Juniors. Then the Seniors. The victors choose to sing the *Volga Boat Song*. "Pull, men, pull . . .!" Full throated and fierce it rises into the night. The spectators are more moved than they care to admit. Perhaps it's the beauty of early June . . . perhaps it's the emotion of Russian river-men mixed with the emotion of Wellesley rowers . . . perhaps it's the shortness of college . . . perhaps—oh, perhaps anything!

Now the Varsity crew performs. It is composed of the eight best "hands" at Wellesley. They demonstrate speed. They demonstrate form. In their pride they nearly burst out of their sweaters!

After the crew awards are announced, a string of bright floats garland the lake. This part of the program has been exclusively in the hands of students. Each float was "thunk up," manned, and lighted, by Wellesley girls. Every year the program is a surprise. Once it was Norse fairy tales; once, Indian legends; once, local traditions. Last year the jubilant-colored tableaux depicted various college activities.

"Winter sports" was most effective. So convincing were the girls in bright red who coasted down *papier-mâché* snow, that a small boy in the shore-audience recalled with joy that Christmas was "most here." The ancient custom of step-singing was also represented: a group of lusty students chanting on a flight of make-believe chapel steps. Next came a green athletic field. . . . And many more, each more dazzling

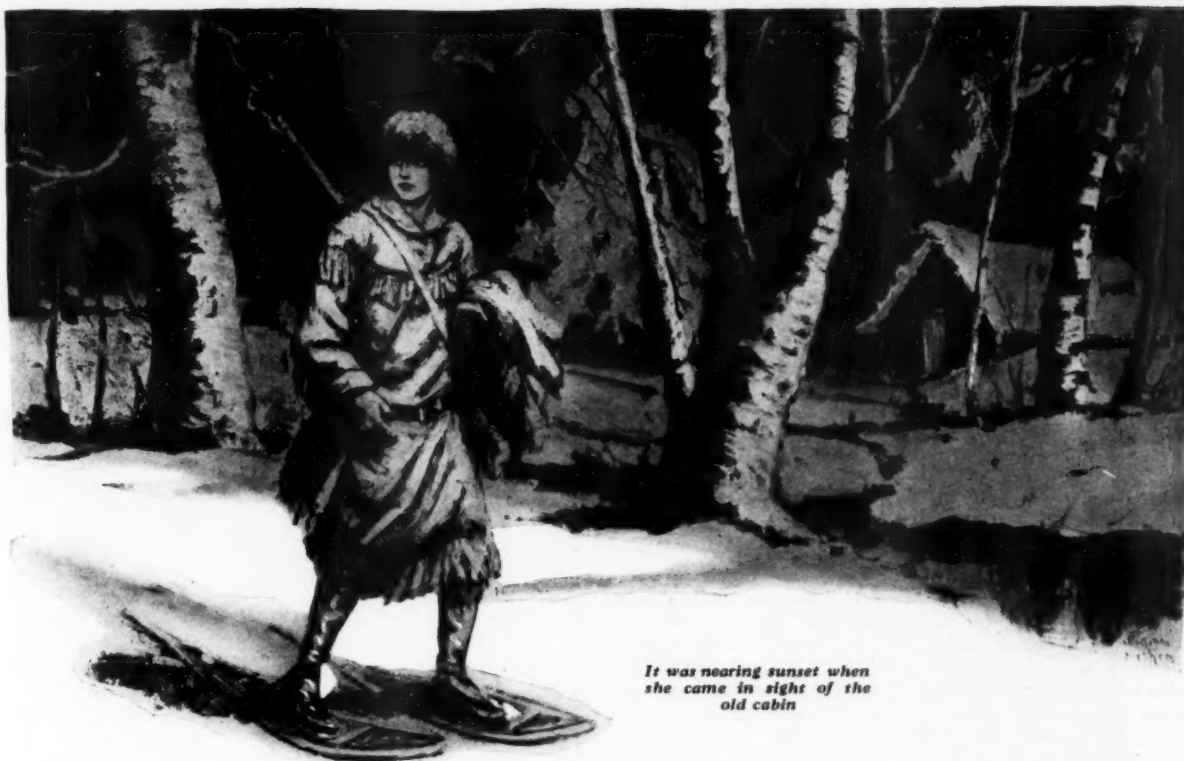


In 1876 the girl who tugged at an oar was snappily dressed in a little stiff sailor perched sky-high on her head, a tall-necked blouse, and a pleated blue flannel skirt which touched (very decorously) the ground

than the last. It was a night never to be forgotten—never.

Reluctantly the crowd disperses. They talk very fast and very loud to cover up their emotions. The crews put up their boats. They laugh a little and weep a little.

At that very moment, forty-seven resolutions are being made on forty-seven different spots of the Wellesley campus. The girl behind each resolution had been given this year, C in posture. Tonight she holds herself erect. She does not relax the width of an eyelash. Next year. . . . Next year. . . . How marvelous to be on the crew!



*It was nearing sunset when she came in sight of the old cabin*

## Becky Traps Big Game

**F**OR nearly three days after Becky's ball game, falling snow, like a slanting white wall, provided the Maybrook fort with its strongest battlement against Indian attack. The redmen, who had accompanied De Quindre so unwillingly into Kentucky, were by now on the last lap of the trail toward their lodges. They would not leave those lodges and the winter sports of feasting and dancing again this season, not for anyone nor anything. Maybrook knew that, and breathed freely.

"It'll be a fine day, tomorrow," said Becky, looking up at a sky still flushed with the vanished sun's promise of bright weather. "And, Mother, I'll have to be out in the woods all day, visiting my traps. As I can't get back till late anyway, I may camp in our old cabin all night."

"Oh Becky!" Mrs. Landers exclaimed, frightened by the idea. "The Indians!"

"Not a redskin this side of the Ohio now, Mother," Becky laughed. "The cabin is only a dozen miles away. And I want to know if it is still there. Maybe those red fiends burned it on their way down. Oh! I wonder if we'll ever have peace and safety in Kentucky. And be able to leave the fort and have our own homes and plant our corn again."

She turned away quickly so that her sad-eyed mother would not see the trembling of her lips. She was thinking of her oldest brother, Rodney, who had been captured by Indians from Kaskaskia. They had heard nothing of him

*In which Becky meets an old enemy and plans a new adventure*

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

*Illustrations by William Fisher*

since that terrible day. His mother feared he had met a horrible death at the hands of his captors. But Becky persisted in her faith that the redmen had not killed so handsome and bold a lad as Rodney Landers, but had adopted him into their tribe; and that

some day he would come home to them, well and unharmed.

Next morning Becky ate her breakfast by the light of a candle made of bear's fat. At the first streak of dawn she hit the trail. She had her rifle over her shoulder, and round her waist, in many windings, a stout hide rope with which, later, she would bind her pelts on her back. She expected a good haul from her traps.

Becky wore an excellent pair of snowshoes, strong and light, and she made good time. As she went briskly along her thoughts busied themselves with a matter of great importance. This was her secret intent, never yet told to anyone, to attach herself by hook or crook to the expedition which George Rogers Clark was planning to lead against the British forts in the Illinois country—Vincennes and Kaskaskia.

"If I were a boy," she mused, "I'd be expected to shoulder my gun and march. But even Simon Kenton, who is always saying what a fine man I am," she giggled suddenly, "even Simon would turn right round and say I was 'only a gal' and 'warpath's no place for gals' if I asked him about going with Clark! I guess Clark would say so, too—if I asked him. What I've got to do is to find some way to mix into that band of Clark's men without their



knowing who I am. If we get out on trail far enough before they find out, they'll have to take me on all the way. Coz they won't dare leave me alone in the woods some place a hundred miles from Maybrook. If I'm anything like the 'smart boy' Simon calls me"—she giggled again—"I ought to be smart enough to play a little easy trick like that. I've simply got to go and find Rod. Mother is just grieving to death about him."

Her own eyes filled with tears. She brushed them away at once and resolutely turned her thoughts from the subject. She had plenty of hard work to do that day; and, anyway, grief was not sensible. Tears achieved nothing. The practical way to show her sympathy for her mother was to go with Clark and fetch Rod home. That salt smart across her eyeballs, which seemed to mock her helplessness as a mere girl after all, stung her pride and quickened her desire into a fixed determination. From that moment she no longer thought of the Kaskaskia march as a thing she was not afraid to do, and which she *could* do if someone did not prevent her; but as the *thing she was going to do* and which no one and nothing on earth could stop her from doing. The only question left in her resolute young mind now was—*HOW?*

Being essentially practical, Becky put away even that sole, all-important question as soon as she reached her first trap because she found work to do. A young lynx lay there dead, but, happily for Becky, not frozen stiff—or she might have had to abandon him; for removing a frozen hide from a frozen carcass is not a task to be undertaken lightly. Skinning is not a pleasant job at its easiest, but Becky, characteristically, went about it without making a fuss, since it had to be done. She inserted the tip of her very sharp knife under the dead animal's chin and ran it in a straight line down his belly; then she made four short slits on the underside of his legs. The removal of the skin, by slow, gentle pulling, helped frequently by sliding the blade under, called for her full quota of skill and patience. The skin once free, she took up a blunt, wedge-shaped blade set in a cross-piece of wood, somewhat like a hatchet broken off short at its handle, and scraped away all the larger pieces of meat that adhered to the inside. Then, having fastened the pelt securely to her by a coil of her hide rope, she hast-

ened on to her next trap some distance away. It yielded a raccoon, which she decided would serve for the new cap needed by her small brother.

The third and fourth traps were empty; but from the fifth she plucked her dinner, a fat young possum. She carried him along, rebelling not at all that the whole of him was heavier than his pelt. It was nearing sunset when, after adding several good small furs to her pack, she veered along the old trail, covered now by snow, toward the cabin. Her heart leaped when she came in sight of it shortly, and knew that the Indians had not fired it. She began to pick her steps more carefully because she remembered that, in this last bit of coppice, there was an old bear pit. A moment later she stopped short, catching her breath and, in a trice, she had hidden herself behind a tree and was bringing her rifle round for a shot.

Hardly fifty yards ahead of her a large wolf was moving in a way that roused her curiosity. He was padding slowly about one spot.

## Game and Set at Stanford

You have thrilled at the stories of sports at Vassar and Hollins and Wellesley. Next month it will be of tennis at Stanford—from the state in which Helen Wills learned her game—with many suggestions for improving your own strokes.

"That must be the bear pit," she said to herself; "and, from the looks of things, I'd say a deer had fallen into it. I fancy the poor thing's alive and thrashing about; and that's why the wolf doesn't go closer. He wants to make sure he can grab his meal without getting hurt."

Becky waited until the wolf made one of his stops and stood

still, sniffing; then she shot him through the head.

"There's a coat for Babe," she thought jubilantly. It would be fun to take her small sister a new coat. She reloaded and ran on.

"I'll have to shoot the poor deer," she mused, "but that will be an easier death for it than being torn by a wolf."

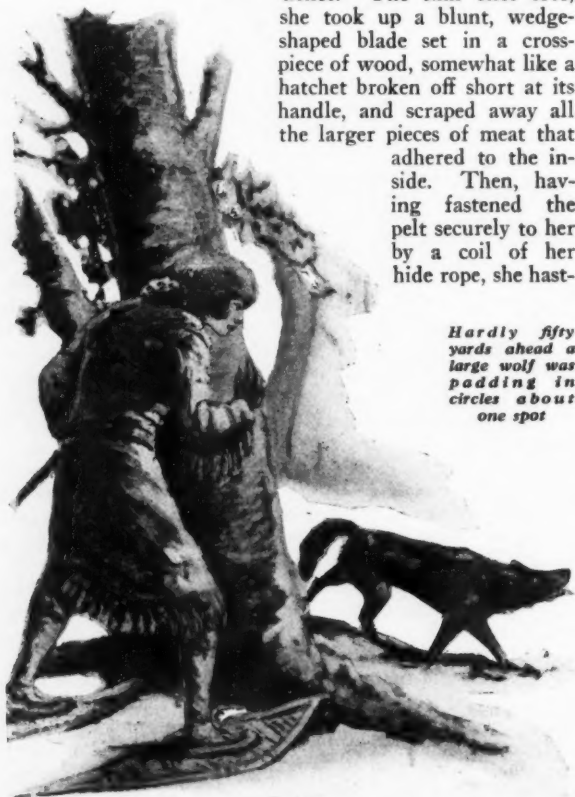
She was surprised that she heard no sound at all as she neared the mouth of the pit; for her approach should have stirred the terrified creature below as much as the wolf's. There was something odd about this. She moved more cautiously now, looking carefully about for other tracks and wondering what was down in that hole.

She saw no tracks except the wolf's. But presently her keenly roving glance lit upon a dark object sticking up out of the snow at the edge of the pit. It was a rifle butt.

The color fled from her cheeks and her heart jumped with the sudden shock of terror. Something human was in that pit; had been there, too, since the beginning of the snowfall—three days—because all its footprints had been covered. Something human, too badly injured to get out, had been fending off a hungry wolf for hours and had then, at the sound of a rifle nearby, become utterly quiet.

Who was it? A white man who feared that the shot had been an Indian's; or an Indian who feared it had been a white man's? The safest thing for Becky Landers to do, of course, was to flee, leaving that something human to its sure fate. But it simply wasn't in Becky to do that.

She crept to the brink and looked down into the fierce, gaunt face of Dagniaux de Quindre. The lower half of his body was partly covered with snow. He was braced back against the wall of the pit, supporting himself by his left hand, which gripped a stone or a tree root. In his right hand he held a hunting knife. His eyes burned; and his



Hardly fifty yards ahead a large wolf was padding in circles about one spot



*She crept to the brink and looked down into the fierce gaunt face of Dagniaux de Quindre*

face almost seemed to be gashed, so deep were the lines of pain in it. For a few seconds Becky and De Quindre stared silently at each other. Becky's thoughts were whirling. Here was one of the savagest frontier fighters in the British service, who had led the Indians in some of their bloody raids on Kentucky. How recently, too, he had attempted to launch his feathered and painted brigade on Maybrook! It was De Quindre who spoke first.

"Mademoiselle, it is a pleasure to meet you again," he said, gallantly, though his voice was strained and husky. "For it is indeed both a pleasure and an honor for a man who knows that, whatever sins he has committed, he is at least no coward, to die by one straight shot from a brave girl's rifle; rather than from starvation or wolves. As you guess, doubtless, I injured myself too badly in falling to be able to climb out."

Becky said nothing at all for some minutes, then she shook her head slowly. "No. I can't do that. I'd feel like a murderer."

He smiled quizzically.

"But why, Mademoiselle? It would be only a natural act of war, wholly patriotic. And, in its way, merciful."

She shook her head again.

"Maybe that's so," she said. "But I can't do it. I guess this is one of those things that happen sometimes, where you have to choose between your own life and someone else's—and you just can't choose your own. I know you're as bad as any redskin; worse, coz you're white. And you'll probably kill me with your knife if I help you out, to make sure that I can't tell the men you're here. But I've got to help you, just the same."

For an instant more he stared up piercingly into the pallid face bending over him. Then he muttered something in French and tossed his knife over the edge of the pit.

"On my word of honor, Mademoiselle, which you will be safe in accepting, I have no other weapon. I lost my rifle as I fell."

With trembling fingers, Becky unwound the rope from her pack of furs. She fastened one end of it securely round a tree and dropped the other end to him.

"If you tie it round you, and can help yourself a little with your hands, perhaps I can pull you up, if I use all my strength. We'll have to try it, anyway."

It was a slow, difficult, and painful feat to haul the injured man out of the pit. Becky was exhausted when, at last, De Quindre crawled over the rim and lay gasping on the snow. She looked from him to the dead wolf, and a violent trembling seized her, so that she clung to the tree to save herself from falling.

"You are brave, Mademoiselle, to kill one wolf and drag another, wounded, to your feet." His voice was hardly more than a whisper. The sweat of agony stood out on his face.

"No. I'm not brave. I am terribly afraid," she said honestly. He heard the tremor in her voice as she made her confession, and smiled. She shuddered. The smile, the mocking words out of pain-twisted lips, hurt her sharply. They made it all more fearsome, more horrible.

"Is your leg broken?" she asked presently.

"I think not. I believe it is only a very bad sprain." His voice was still weak and forced. He brushed his sleeve across his face. After the worst of the pain had passed, he asked her, "What happens now?"

She pondered a while before she replied.

"The only thing to do is for you to walk the best way you can, leaning on me, to the cabin. That's my home. We lived there before you and the Indians drove us out."

(Continued on page 47)

Camping on a house boat—what fun!



The "Nautilus," anchored on Camp Hoover's beautiful fresh water lake

## On the Trail of Girl Scout Campers

*"What were some of the most interesting things you saw last summer as you visited the Girl Scouts in their camps?" we asked Louise Price, head of the National Camp of the Girl Scouts. This is her answer*

**C**AMPING days will soon be here! And to the Girl Scouts of Syracuse, New York, they bring not only "dreams of brown tents and silvery water, happy days and peaceful nights" but dreams of an actual house-boat!

Camping on a house-boat named the *Nautilus*—how did it happen? When they were in their teens, Marjorie Kirk, the Syracuse girls' camp director, and her brother used to have great times playing on an old house-boat on the Erie Canal. Without doubt that is why Miss Kirk knew exactly how so many of the Syracuse girls felt when they said they "simply couldn't keep away from the water" and "I am fascinated with a boat, aren't you?"

Enter, then, the house-boat, built in the Spring of 1925, a boat fourteen by twenty feet in size, just large enough for one patrol of six girls and a counselor. Picture the scene for yourselves—with the picture on this page to assist you—the *Nautilus*, anchored about sixty feet from shore in the beautiful fresh water lake on which Camp Hoover is situated. On the edge of the lake is a natural clearing in a little fringe of woods where *Edgemere*, a sixteen by sixteen bell tent, "billeted" another patrol of six girls.

Every two weeks, during happy summer days, six girls took possession of the *Nautilus*, and six more went to live in *Edgemere*. At

By LOUISE PRICE

the end of the first week, the girls who had been sailing the blue in the house-boat exchanged with the tenters and the tenters joyously took to the sea. So life went merrily on.

On board ship! Yes, you walked a gang-plank to get there. You at once became a "Dolphin," as the house-boat campers were called, for the fascinating reason as one of the girls explained to me that "it's easy to imagine we are sea creatures, playing in our Nautilus shell." There was a

"Skipper"—none other than Miss Kirk. A ship's clock toned the time with bells. And each evening there was a ship's "log," the events of the day written by the Dolphins and read by their chosen scribe.

"Sailing, sailing"—with the Sailor Merit badge as their compass, a water trail was charted. Swimming, of course—with some life-saving added, such as learning the correct approaches to save a drowning person, the cross chest carry, and resuscitation (Schaefer method). Also everyone became more expert than ever in weather signs and lore and with boats themselves. Learning to handle row-boats under all conditions, even when overtured, has a real lure. And as for the boat lights that twinkle and wink across dark water on a black night—the Dolphins came to know what they, too, meant and to read fog signals (Continued on page 57)



A Court of Honor at Camp Andree Clark. Louise Price herself is presiding



*Clues, yes, and complications on top of complications until this exciting mystery serial reaches the peak of mysteriousness*

Illustrations  
by  
Harrison  
McCreary



*"That car hadn't any license plate on the rear end"*

## The River Acres Riddle

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

### CHAPTER VII

#### *Dick's Budget of News*

*See page 48 for what has happened so far in this story*

YES, he's vamoosed, all right!" Dick acknowledged after listening to their excited chorus of queries and astonishment. "Let me sit down and get my breath and I'll tell you all about it." He threw himself on the old couch-ham-mock and fanned his hot face vigorously with his hat. "I've been on a dickens of a wild goose chase," he excused himself. "Tell you all about it in a minute."

"We've got some things to tell you, too," said Mariette. "But they can wait till we hear your story. Yours is more important, I imagine."

"Well, it was this way," Dick went on at last. "I might as well begin where we left off yesterday evening and tell you what I did after that. When I left you, I went on past Abercrombie's and handed in the liniment I'd promised the old lady. I didn't go up to see Leydorf as it was late and I hadn't any special excuse and didn't want them to think me too anxious on the subject. But old Mrs. Abercrombie said he seemed more restless and uneasy that night, probably because the doctor had ordered the opiate to be left off. Said she found him up and limping around the room a couple of times and he'd kept muttering, 'I must go! I must go!' a lot, too. She said she had a good deal of trouble getting him quieted down and back to bed again, and the last time she'd had to call in her son to help. Said she guessed she'd have to stay home from church next morning to tend to him, so I saw my chance again there, and said I'd run up and sit with him while the family all went to church—and she was pleased to pieces.

"So, this morning I ran up there as soon as possible after

breakfast. The Abercrombies drive to church in that old surrey of theirs still, and I knew it would take them a good long time and they'd have to start considerably ahead of the folks who go in cars. They were just about ready to drive away when I got there. Old lady said he'd

had a restless night, just as she'd expected, but that he seemed a little quieter that morning.

"I went right up to sit with him. Found him out of bed, standing and staring out of the window. He almost fought me when I tried to get him back and kept muttering, 'No, no, no! I must go!' over and over. But I was too muscular for him and landed him back where he belonged after a struggle. He lay down quietly after that and apparently went to sleep, though whether he was really sleeping or just lying with his eyes closed, I couldn't tell. He wasn't mentally any better than the day before—didn't seem to know a thing. But physically he was stronger.

"But here's where the queer business commences. While I was sitting there by him, reading a book, he apparently asleep and everything very quiet, I suddenly had the feeling that there was someone else in the house. It wasn't that I actually *heard* anything—but you know what it is to sense the fact that someone else is around even when you don't see or hear a thing.

"First I told myself I was a fool and that I was having 'the creeps' like an old woman. And I just sat tight and went on reading.

"But I couldn't shake it off. As the minutes went on the feeling got stronger and stronger. There was someone else in the house. Not only that but the someone else was

watching—me! I could almost feel eyes boring into my back. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer and determined to get up and explore about a bit while Leydorf was asleep. So I tiptoed out of the room and poked around all over the house without discovering a single thing out of the way. Concluded I must be drinking too much coffee lately and it was making me jumpy, so I went back and sat down again.

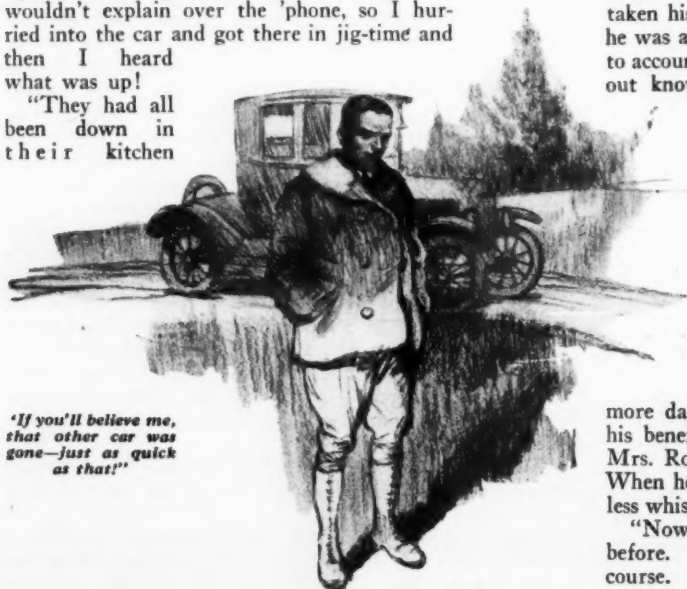
"Nothing happened. And about one o'clock the Abercrombies drove back from church and invited me to stay to dinner. But I knew Mother was anxious to have me home, so I made excuses and came away. I noticed one queer thing as I drove along, however. About half a mile from the house there's a little side road, hardly more than two sandy ruts, going off through the pine woods, if you remember. I happened to glance down that road and, quite a way down it there stood a big closed car, its rear end to the main road. It was a gray body and black top, I remember. I rather wondered what it was there for and supposed someone was picnicking, which is usually the only excuse for a car standing off in a narrow road like that. But I saw no picnickers around it.

"I drove on, not thinking anything more about that car, till, all of a sudden something struck me about it, right out of a clear sky. *That car hadn't had any license plate on the rear end!* The way I'd come to realize it at all probably was that I'd been wondering where it came from. And the absence of the license plate hadn't registered itself consciously in my mind (though my eye must have taken it in, in passing) till I began to think about where it hailed from.

"And right that minute I determined I'd find out more about that car—and at once. So I wheeled my own car around and raced back to the place. If you'll believe me, that other car was *gone*—just as quick as that. I don't believe I'd passed the place more than a quarter of a mile at most. It hadn't gone on the way it was facing either, but had backed out onto the main road and gone off in the opposite direction from what I was taking. I could tell that by the tire tracks—and it hadn't passed me.

"Ordinarily I wouldn't have thought much about the affair, but in the light of what's happened, I think it was vital. The absence of that license plate is bad stuff—and strictly against the law, too. However, there was nothing left for me to do but go on home, which I did. And about two o'clock this afternoon I got a frantic call on the telephone from Abercrombie asking me please to come right up as something queer had happened. He wouldn't explain over the 'phone, so I hurried into the car and got there in jig-time and then I heard what was up!

"They had all been down in their kitchen



"If you'll believe me, that other car was gone—just as quick as that!"

eating Sunday dinner for an hour or so. And later old Mrs. Abercrombie got a tray of victuals fixed for Leydorf and carried it up to him. And—lo and behold!—their invalid had lit out—clean gone and not a trace of him to be found! They had hunted all over the house and barn and outhouses in vain. He had just vanished—and taken all his possessions with him. They were all rather up in the air for a while, thinking he might have robbed them into the bargain. But careful search proved that he'd taken nothing that did not belong to him but all that did.

"Well, here was a pretty state of affairs—and a mighty peculiar one, too. How that fellow—queer in the head and with a game foot beside and a couple of broken ribs—could have got out of that house unseen and unheard was a teaser. His room was over the other side of the house and well out of sight of the kitchen, to be sure, and we found a couple

### "The Secret Cargo"

What was it? And what did the stolen packet of mail contain? And who was Susan's father, whose name was that of a famous pirate?

The answers are in our breathtaking new serial that begins next month. There is a lonely light-house, too, and two girls, and a plucky boy you will want to know.

of sheets tied together lying on the floor by one of the windows, as if he'd tried to get out that way. But if he had gone that way the sheets would have been hanging out of the window. They couldn't possibly have still been on the floor of the room. There was pretty thick grass just beneath that window and it seemed as if it were a bit trodden down, but you couldn't tell positively. Out by the road there was one deep footprint beside a mud-puddle, but Abercrombie thought he had made that himself in the morning.

"I got into my car and scouted all over the neighborhood, through the woods and everywhere. But no go! The bird had flown! Abercrombie was thoroughly mad, more mad even than he was bewildered. He had taken a lot of trouble and helped Leydorf when he was injured, cared for him in his house and all that. Then the fellow, who apparently was well supplied with money, had sneaked out without so much as a cent of recompense—or even a thank you—and taken his money with him! I reminded Abercrombie that he was apparently out of his head; so could scarcely be held to account, had probably slipped out and wandered off without knowing what he was doing. Abercrombie said he seemed to know enough not to leave his clothes and money behind, which I had to admit was true.

"But what got me was how, with the foot he had, he could get so clean out of sight in an hour's time that I couldn't find him anywhere. Some car must have picked him up. Anyhow, that's the situation. I came right on here when we'd given up hunting for him at last. What do you make of it?"

Dick paused in his long recital and Dorita quietly broke in, "Wait till you hear what we have to tell and perhaps you can see a little more daylight on that mystery." And she recounted for his benefit the history of their last night's vigil and also Mrs. Rohrback's unconscious contribution of the morning. When he heard the latter, Dick pursed his lips in a soundless whistle.

"Now we've got it! Gee whiz! I wish I'd known that before. Those two fellows have spirited him away, of course. But why the secrecy about it? Why didn't they



"Come out of here this minute! Come to my room—anywhere—where we can talk without being heard"

come straight up to the house and ask for him and say they were going to take him away? I can't get that. And now I know the explanation for another thing, too. That must have been their car I saw in the woods—without any license plate. They were parking it where they thought it would be out of sight. And when they thought I was too interested (I did slow down and stare at it, I remember), they just quietly moved it to some other locality. I tell you this all looks mighty singular!"

"But those fellows Mrs. Rohrback spoke of didn't have any car," interjected Mariette. "She said they *walked* up to her house."

"Sure they walked—around that locality—because they didn't want to be identified with any car," countered Dick. "They'd probably parked it in the woods somewhere nearby. That's simple."

"But what connection do you think all this has with what we heard last night?" asked Mariette, thinking along another line.

"I simply don't know, unless it was those same fellows hanging around the vicinity and hunting for something they were trying to locate. It isn't a difficult guess to label them as the same two you saw that night when you turned the flashlight on them. Just on a venture, I think this Leydorf has something they're after and they're going to get it somehow or other, even if they had to kidnap him to do it. I can easily imagine that they were poking about that house of Abercrombie's all morning waiting for a chance to light out with him. I *knew* someone was there—felt it! No doubt they simply concealed themselves in a closet or somewhere when I came around looking. I didn't poke about, of course. Just glanced into the various rooms when I was alone with Leydorf this morning. I'll bet they gagged him and let him down out of the window with the sheets. That would account for those things being left on the floor. And then they lugged him to the car

which no doubt they had nearby at that time, and off they went. Easy, with that old road as deserted as it always is, especially on a Sunday. I don't believe as many as three cars a day go by there. And of course the Abercrombies were busy putting in a big Sunday feed. So simple! But, why, why, *why*?"

They all sat silent for a long time, thinking it over. It was Mariette who broke the pause.

"Then you think they were enemies of his—Leydorf's—and they were pursuing him to get something he had. But if that's so, what was the meaning of what you overheard him say, 'You come after me inside of twenty-four hours or I'll—'? They did, didn't they?"

"If you want to know what I think," answered Dick, "that wasn't meant for them at all, but for someone else entirely. And they've butted in and spoiled the game—or are trying to."

It was a new idea and cast quite a different light on their perplexities.

"But what had *we* better do now?" questioned Dorita. "Just give the whole thing up?"

"Not by a jugful!" cried Dick. "The plot's getting thicker and thicker. According to my idea, they've got their man, but they haven't got something else they're evidently after. You spoiled that little game for them twice. Now, if you don't mind, I have a scheme. I figure that they are likely to make one more grand effort to get whatever it is they want around here, probably tonight while the scent is still hot. So, with your permission, I'm going to hang around this locality all night tonight and see what's doing. You girls have watched for three nights running and you must be dog-tired. You both go to bed now and have a good sleep and don't worry your heads a thing more about all this. I'll tell Mother I'm going to do some fishing tonight and not to expect me till she sees me. And I

(Continued on page 36)





The garden  
in blossom

## Phoebe's Baby Garden

IN May, just when every day seemed to be rushing the senior class faster toward graduation, Phoebe Darling discovered that she was not to go to college after all. For Great-aunt Nelly, who had been planning for years to send Phoebe through Mount Hadley, died suddenly, and the money, which proved to be hers only for her lifetime, had now to be divided among a variety of institutions.

Mr. Darling, who usually looked more like a football star than a minister, for once seemed quite old enough to be Phoebe's father, when he drew his daughter into the study the afternoon he returned from conducting Great-aunt Nelly's funeral.

"Phoebe, dear, your mother and I talked half last night about ways and means, but we can't find any way among them to send you to college, now that Aunt Nelly is unable to do so. It would take over a thousand a year for the next four years, and that, you know as well as your mother and I do, is an impossibility on my salary, especially with three younger ones coming along to be educated, too. We are almost as disappointed over this as you, Phoebe dear. I'm afraid—I *know*—you will have to accept the inevitable and give up Mount Hadley."

Phoebe unconsciously shook her bobbed head with a gesture which her basket-ball team would have recognized meant fight. "It would be silly not to accept the inevitable—if it *is* inevitable, father! But if college is only a question of money—I'm going!"

"Phoebe, dear," groaned her father. "Face facts!"

Phoebe was unshaken. "I may have to wait another year, but I'm going. I'll earn the money."

Father Darling sighed with the knowledge of how vast a sum is four thousand dollars, when it must be earned.

"Let's see how much I've absolutely got to have for the first year," said Phoebe. She ran for her college catalogue.

"Tuition, board, room, and infirmary fee—eight hundred and ten dollars," she read. "Nothing elastic about that. But clothes could be reduced to a minimum, because mother and I can make or make over everything. I wonder about

*A clever idea planted by two girls that blossomed into babies—and other things*

By LOUISE WHITEFIELD BRAY

Illustrations by Harriet Moncure

books and incidentals——"

"Those were the things I had expected to take care of," interrupted Father Darling. "Aunt Nelly was to pay the straight eight hundred and ten dollars, and I the other expenses. Someone at the college gave me to

understand that two hundred to three hundred was the comfortable minimum for books and incidentals. I could probably manage two hundred dollars besides, but two hundred is only a quarter of eight hundred and ten dollars."

"Six hundred and ten dollars sounds much less than the thousand we began talking about," ruminated Phoebe.

"Phoebe, you need four times six hundred and ten dollars!" pleaded her father.

"Live a day at a time is what you tell your congregation, Dad," flashed Phoebe. "Surely you can't object to my planning for only one year at a time instead of four! Now let me see—I need six hundred and ten dollars. What about scholarships? Jim had several."

"Perhaps I could have scrimped somehow on Jim's education, if only I had not been so sure yours was provided for," bemoaned Mr. Darling, while Phoebe fluttered the pages of her catalogue till she found "Scholarships."

"Oh!" said the girl flatly, unable to conceal the disappointment in her tone. "Practically no scholarships are given to freshmen. They try you out a year first. Well, that's fair. Hold on, here are six competitive scholarships, just for freshmen! Hm-m—" she read along. "Based on grades in the entrance examinations, one for the highest average of all, and one each for the highest in five different sections of the country!"

"Don't count on one of those, Phoebe," urged her father. "Our high school is good, but the big city schools are better."

"Well," admitted Phoebe, "I shan't count on one of those three hundred dollars, but I have to take the examinations anyway, and I can try. And if I got one—if, mind you—that would reduce my budget to three hundred and ten dollars. Only three hundred and ten dollars—why, of course I shan't give up college. You were very impractical, father, to think I needed to. I'll earn part of what I

need this summer and the rest after I get to college. Earn while you learn—where have I seen that slogan? There must be ways—I'll write to the Dean and inquire."

But the answer to Phoebe's letter of inquiry was not hopeful. The college authorities were very sympathetic with her problem, but could offer no help from that end, because scholarships and loan funds had already been disposed of for the coming year. Phoebe's only chance of aid would lie in winning one of the competitive freshman scholarships by the results of her entrance examination. So far as earning her way during her course was concerned, the college was distinctly discouraging. A college course is a full-time job. A small amount of outside work could be managed, if a girl were unusually strong, but by no means enough to pay all college expenses. Was there no one in her town, they asked, from whom she could borrow funds, to be paid back after graduation? Would it not be advisable, perhaps, to postpone college for a year while she earned the necessary money? If she could secure the funds for the first year, and then made a good record in her freshman work, there was no doubt that she could obtain scholarship aid for a part of her expenses in later years. The college hoped she would find some way of solving the problem, because they had been anticipating the coming of Aunt Nelly's great-niece—Aunt Nelly having been one of their most loyal alumnae.

While waiting for this answer to her letter, Phoebe had not been idle. It was already the beginning of May, and if she were to go to college with the other girls in her graduating class, she would need six hundred dollars in about four months and a half. So she took to reading advertisements. But for three evenings the only "Female Help Wanted" was for stenography and general housework, for the first of which she had no training, and for the other, no time, since she must attend school.

Advertisements offering no solution, Phoebe interviewed some of the business men in her father's congregation. All were cordial—and indefinite. Business was depressed, they said; summer a slack time; stenography an essential for their clerks—and so on. One man would take her on for typewriting and such odd jobs of clerical work as she could do while regular members of his staff were on vacation. Salary, fifteen dollars a week. Ten weeks of this work was the most she could expect. One hundred and fifty against a need for six hundred dollars. It was a real problem.

Phoebe pored over a little handbook prepared by a college organization which told of the various ways college girls had earned money during the summer vacation, as councillors, tutors, salesgirls, telephone operators, waitresses, book agents, and so forth. Two hundred plus room and board was the maximum earned. And these were college girls and she only a high-school senior!

She wrote to Jim, asking how college men earned money—lots of it. Jim replied that the only college men who

made any sizable amount were those who built up a business of their own—a college laundry, a college cleaning and pressing service, a college garage or automobile agency. "They find a need and supply it," wrote Jim.

Thereupon Phoebe racked her brains to think of some "need" which she could supply to her suburban town, but every one seemed already to have been filled. There were dressmakers, fine laundries, and tea-rooms in abundance, as well as a woman's exchange.

"But Jim's right," she declared earnestly to her father and mother. "You've got to do things on a big scale to make big profits. There must be something this town 'needs.' I hope I find out what it is soon enough to do me some good."

She was to find it the next day, though she did not realize that fact for some time.

When she found it she was sitting at her father's desk, staring at an open Virgil but thinking of jobs. In the next room pretty little Mrs. Clayton related the woes of a very young mother to Mrs. Darling.

"How can I come to the meetings, Mrs. Darling, when I have no one to leave Sister with?" she wailed. "I can't ask Henry's sister to take her more than once a week. It isn't safe to impose on a sister-in-law too often."

"Why not get a high-school girl to wheel the baby out each afternoon?"

"But high-school girls are so young and Sister's such a sensitive child!"

"We—ll," half smiled Mrs. Darling, "my Phoebe's a high school senior and she's just eighteen."

"Oh, Phoebe—of course—but Phoebe's differ—"

At this moment Phoebe rushed into the room, her eyes aglow.

"Oh, Mrs. Clayton, would you let me take care of Sister?" she demanded.

Soon Mrs. Clayton's face was beaming quite as much as Phoebe's, as arrangements were made that Phoebe was to take the Clayton baby out in her carriage from two-thirty to three-thirty each day and receive the usual rate of twenty-five cents an hour.

A week later Phoebe opened her "College Account" with a credit of five dollars and fifty cents (four dollars and fifty for the afternoon work and one dollar extra for an evening spent guarding Sister while Mrs. Clayton blissfully attended her first dance in two years). Then Phoebe entered the debit—six hundred and ten dollars.

Against that amount five dollars and fifty cents was scarcely a drop in the bucket—scarcely *half* a drop—but it was the best she could do till school was over and she had the whole day free for a job.

Phoebe looked ruefully at the calendar.

"If I don't find some need to supply pretty soon," she thought, "it will be too late for it to do me any good."

Day by day she had said over and over to herself, "Find a need and supply it—find a need," and not a thought had come to her. Tonight she was almost ready to believe that



"Oh, Phoebe, will you look after Betsy just a few minutes?"

the practical plan would be for her to study stenography through the summer and take a position in the fall which would pay her eighteen or twenty dollars a week. With no expenses at home, she should be able to save a thousand dollars a year, nearly enough for two years of college with her father's contribution. But in the meantime Bess and Ann and Barbara would go on to college without her, the first break in the quartette that had done everything together all through high school. At the thought Phoebe's shoulders stiffened and her lips set in a straight line.

"Let me hunt for that need just a little while longer," she begged of herself. "Who knows? I might find it tomorrow."

When Phoebe went for Sister the next afternoon, she found Mrs. Clayton studying a slip of paper with a puzzled expression.

"I put down your name on this paper so as to be sure to tell you something, Phoebe," said Mrs. Clayton, "and now I can't remember what it was. It wasn't the extra blanket for Sister in case there's a breeze—m-mm—oh, now I have it! Mrs. Baxter asked me to ask you to recommend another high-school girl to take out Betsy every afternoon."

"I'll think about somebody this afternoon and ask her tomorrow at school," promised Phoebe, as she descended the steps with the baby carriage.

At the park she found the place, as usual, dotted with baby carriages and the lawns with pink, blue, and white unsteady babies in pursuit of blossoms and each other. Phoebe nodded or spoke to half a dozen young mothers, most of them members of her father's congregation, and passed on to a bench in the farthest corner, where she could study with least disturbance. She had scarcely opened her book when Mrs. Baxter bounced down the path, her baby carriage seeming to pull her rather than she to push it.

"Oh, Phoebe, will you look after Betsy just a few minutes?" begged the warm and almost teary lady. "I forgot all about Herbert's birthday cake and left it in the oven! It will be ruined."

"If it is," suggested Phoebe practically, "do stay at home and make another. I'll look after Betsy if you will come and get her about five."

"Phoebe, you lamb!" floated back from a figure already hastening to rescue Herbert's cake.

Phoebe settled Betsy's carriage close to Sister's, so that each baby could stare and gurgle at the other. Promptly Sister, with a triumphant crow, hurled her rattle at Betsy with such an erratic aim that it fell to the ground.

"I wish I could take care of both you infants," thought Phoebe, as she nonchalantly picked it up, "but I can't manage more than one baby carriage."

Sister, liking this new game, hurled the rattle overboard once more.

Phoebe stooped again.

"But I *am* managing two baby carriages right now," she suddenly realized. "So far as any difficulty about that goes, I could manage a whole lot more except for transporting them to and fro. Whee!"

The last word was uttered aloud with such explosive force that both babies grew dumb with astonishment and stared at the funny lady.

"Whee!" said Phoebe to Sister, and "Whee!" said Phoebe to Betsy, whereupon each baby gurgled with delight.

"I've got it, I've got it, you precious lambs," whispered Phoebe vociferously. "You're going to make my fortune!"

She could scarcely wait to reach home to talk over her plan with her mother. To her surprise, her scheme appeared entirely rational to Mrs. Darling.

"Of course," said that experienced lady, "it is practical. I'm only surprised nobody has thought of doing it before. You'll have the babies from two-thirty to five-thirty, when they are least likely to be troublesome. Colic usually comes earlier or later. You couldn't take care of a lot of babies running about, but if you can get enough baby carriage babies, you ought to have no trouble at all, particularly if you have a reliable assistant."

"Bess will want to be that, I know. Will you draw some of your 'sassy babies' on my advertising cards, mother?" begged Phoebe.

"We'll begin tonight," promised Mrs. Darling, with the unlimited time for unexpected demands

that only the busiest people can provide.

By bedtime the next evening Phoebe and her mother had twenty-five cards ready to mail. On each Mrs. Darling had painted a border of baby faces, each more enchanting than the last. In the center Phoebe had printed the following announcement:

### PHOEBE'S BABY GARDEN

*Phoebe Darling will care for baby carriage babies in the Darling garden and apple orchard afternoons from two-thirty to five-thirty. Except on rainy days, babies must be brought and called for. On rainy days, they will be carried to and fro in a closed car. Terms, three dollars a week.*

While Mrs. Darling and Phoebe had worked on the cards they had discussed the plan in all its possible phases.

Before the first card was finished Phoebe had suddenly exploded, "What if it rains?"

"You could use the parsonage playroom, but I don't see how the babies could be wheeled over in the rain."

"Would it hurt them to be out in bad weather, if they did not get wet?"

"No-o, they could be carried in a car, for instance, if they

(Continued on page 49)



On rainy afternoons Phoebe and Bess longed for six legs and arms apiece



# Let's Talk About Clothes

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, "Woman's Home Companion"

Illustration by Katherine Shane

IF "Be yourself" meant what it used to mean—if it hadn't been adopted into the slang family—I should give you, as a guide to good dressing, just this slogan—"Be yourself." It's the best advice I know for the girl who wants to be "different."

Styles make clothes interesting, but they can't take the place of personal taste. I know girls who always wear the latest styles, regardless of color, line or type. *Sometimes they look well, and sometimes they don't.*

I like to see a girl with courage to choose her colors and stick to them. If she's a rosy blonde, the clear fresh colors are good for her—leafy green, rose, lavender, and the blues. If she's a striking brunette, she may look best with accents of vivid color, such as red or bright green, or she may need toning down with dark green, navy and soft tones such as beige and gray-green and dusty rose. If she's a "brown chestnut" girl, she most certainly wants to stick to warm ruddy browns and tans and rose. If she's dark and sallow vivid colors sometimes make her look swarthy, but henna, garnet and other subtle warmish shades, such as *bois de rose*, give her nice color.

Colors should help, not hinder you. Do not wear a dull shade if it fades you out or a bright shade if it kills your own color. Try colors next to your face, and with the lighting under which you are going to wear them. Remember that the amount of a color is important. The more intense a color is the less is needed, usually, to get an effect. This is one of the reasons why small girls can wear bright colors that a stout girl must avoid if she wants to look as slender as possible. You can often wear a piping or a hat of a shade that would be deadly in a whole costume. And often, reversely, it's the collar, piping, bag or handkerchief of helpful color which breaks the monotony of a costume and makes it becoming.

Styles in colors come and go. There are fads this spring for this color and that spring for that, and sometimes the color of the moment proves becoming to you, and often it doesn't. Please remember, then, that you're under no fashionable obligation to wear any color that doesn't really suit you.

*Be a good soldier and stick to your own colors—if they're becoming.*

But, of course, in choosing clothes one must take account not only of colors, but also of lines, and here one's age and figure are especially important. Nowadays when everybody is trying to look young, there's not much temptation to girls to put on clothes which are too old for them. But we haven't yet discovered any way to make girls grow all in one pattern—which, I think, is a very good thing. I should hate it if you all looked alike, and I hate it when you try to. I like you to dress like yourselves and act like yourselves and *be* like yourselves. It's the only way, please

do believe me, to make yourselves real people.

Girls who are broad-shouldered and tall should never try to wear fluffy, frivolous frocks. Chubby little girls should not aim to be tailored. Gentle, slender girls should not attempt to be dashing and smart.

If you're stout, clothes that are very simply cut, of inconspicuous color and fabric will really make you look less so. You should avoid big collars, broad belts, crosswise trimming and all dingle-dangles. Bulky, shiny, stiff or large-patterned fabrics are not for you. You should not wear bright colors in large amounts. An easy fit is most desirable and this applies especially in skirt widths and lengths.

If you are very small, be careful not to extinguish yourself with clothes that look too big for you. Even the trimmings you wear and the umbrella you carry should be scaled down to your size. Bulky furs and fabrics, big hats, large jewelry are all bad. If you are just slender you can wear crisp things like taffeta or organdie, but these are too harsh for the very thin girl; she looks better in soft dull-finished fabrics. Small-patterned materials are usually becoming to you, but not big patterns. You can wear

smocking, gathers and small frills but should, like the fat girl, steer clear of crosswise lines.

If you are tall and want to look shorter, try wearing hats with moderately wide brims, and also (if you're not fat) two-piece dresses which will break the up-and-down lines. Tall, slender girls can wear full skirts, flares, pleats—almost any type dress except the one we call "cute." Tall, broad-shouldered girls look best, usually, in straight up-and-down lines, with fullness introduced cleverly so it will make the dress graceful and give it movement without making it bulky or bouffant.

You can, after awhile, if you try, work out a pretty good idea of the kind of clothes that are most becoming to you, in color, line and fabric. Use a full-length mirror as freely as possible. It's amazing how differently a hat, for instance, may look from the front, from the back and in a full length view.

Don't be discouraged if you make a few mistakes; everybody does. And don't be afraid to refuse to buy or wear anything that's fashionable but not becoming to you. Remember that clothes are meant to be friendly to you, to help you to look better, and enjoy yourself—and everything about you—more, and to make you a more decorative little bit of the world.

Remember, too, always, that being yourself is the most important thing, whether it's a question of what you think or what you say or what you wear. Imitations and substitutes are poor, slipshod things at best, certainly not worthy of the real you.



We haven't yet discovered any way to make girls grow all in one pattern—which is a very good thing



# Giving Mother a Real Day Off

*How better can we celebrate Mother's Day than by making it a holiday for mother and surprising her with a new and delicious menu?*

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

*Judge of Our Favorite Recipe Contest*

**M**OTHER'S DAY!" Coming only once a year, like a birthday! How would it do it all the Girl Scouts were to think of it as an extra birthday for her? And so, surely, if we are to make this day a real holiday for our own dear and often tired mothers everywhere, we mustn't let them do as much work as usual. Perhaps you will wish to do a great deal of the other housework on that day. But I think the best thing of all will be to do the cooking, and let Mother enjoy the meals as a complete surprise.

If you could only imagine how tiresome it becomes to keep asking, "What shall I have for supper tonight?" There don't seem to be enough new kinds of animals or foods to make for variety. And every once in a while I find myself wishing we could eat zebras or coyotes, or at least that Mr. Burbank would develop a new plant which would produce a whole vegetable dinner, growing on one bush.

When I remember that almost every mother must think about what the family will eat every day—that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year—and that, with three meals a day, makes 1095 times—I am more than convinced that the best celebration of all for Mother's Day will be cooking for her, and that no girl could give her mother a more appreciated birthday present or Mother's Day gift than to relieve her at least this once from having to think, "What shall we have for supper?"

Now of course I can't tell just how much cooking each of you can do, especially since I know that Girl Scouts cover the land from Maine to Texas and back again the whole crosswise of the map. But I have prepared a choice of six menus, and all of them are easy, so you may read them carefully and then decide which you would like to make. These menus can be used for supper or

tea-time, or for a noon meal, or you may tuck most of them into a picnic basket and let Mother and all the family enjoy the charm and zest of an outdoor feast. In spring and summer I think it's much the best way to eat as many meals outdoors as you possibly can, don't you? That's what we do, for we live only two miles from a wonderful beach; and as there are three girls in my family, some of us seem to be cooking and going off on some kind of a "picnic" most of the time. Some day I hope I can tell you more about these jolly beach parties of ours.

But here are the menus. Which will you make?

## Menu One

Tunafish and celery salad, olive and pimento garnish  
Baking powder biscuits  
Raspberry gelatin sponge      Girl Scout cookies      Iced cocoa

## Menu Two

Tomato-cheese tidbits on toast  
Angel dessert (angel cake—peaches—whipped cream)  
Hot or iced tea, or grape cup

## Menu Three

Frankforts (hot dogs) with noodles and tomato sauce  
Pineapple fluff or cherry snow pudding with Nabisco wafers  
Tea or ginger ale or root beer

## Menu Four

Jellied bouillon or tomato soup  
Potato-egg-cucumber salad with mayonnaise  
Three-fruit cup dessert with whipped cream  
Iced Tea      Girl Scout cookies

## Menu Five

(Picnic basket supper)  
Deviled sandwiches  
College sandwiches  
Veal loaf slices  
Small cup cakes with frosting and cherry garnish  
Pineapple      Lemonade

## Menu Six

Club sandwiches  
Mother's Day fruit salad  
Frosted chocolate malted milk—Girl Scout cookies  
Sponge cakes or Nabisco wafers

I want to give you the recipes for the main dish  
(Continued on page 53)



*This Manhattan Girl Scout is serving the tunafish salad she has just made from the recipe given in this article, while Mrs. Frederick herself looks on. Surely, mother would be pleased by this attractive salad and the daintily arranged table with its pot of flowers*

# "My Favorite Recipe" Contest

*Come, cooks, be famous! Enter your favorite recipes in this national contest, to which every American Girl subscriber is eligible*

*Illustrations by Margaret Trafford*

**Y**ES, cooks, this is indeed your opportunity to become famous. For if your favorite recipe is selected as one of the best submitted, not only will it be published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but later it will find its place in the new Girl Scout cook book, which we are planning to have! Nor should we forget that you will also be awarded a prize. Really three rewards in one, you see!

For here is our plan for this big contest. Every girl who likes to cook (and who subscribes to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*) may send in as many as five of her favorite recipes before June fifteenth. Mrs. Christine Frederick, the well-known homemaking authority, whose picture is on the opposite page, will judge the recipes, selecting the best. She will then test the best recipes, arranging them for publication in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and for the cook book.

So out with your pen and ink! Write down your favorite recipes—perhaps testing them first yourself, to make sure you don't forget anything important. For you must send in a complete list of everything needed in the cooking, as well as the right amounts for eight people, the complete directions, and the utensils. The recipe which you see in the center of this page was sent to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* not long ago by Betty Paul, of Houghton, Mich. Mrs. Frederick has arranged it in the form which you are to use in writing down your recipes. Be very careful about following this form, as it will be one of the first things that Mrs. Frederick will consider.

What kind of recipes shall you send? All kinds! Perhaps you have some old family recipes tucked away, which you will wish to send in—a "Pioneer" recipe, if you please! Perhaps your patrol has a favorite—and you will test it once more on your next hike. Any favorite will be welcome.

For the awards of this Contest, we have selected what we think you will wish to have and to use in your own home, something you can keep. The first prize will be a tea set, with a tea pot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl,

adorable cups and saucers and plates, ready for your tea parties. The second prize will be a set of books or book-ends. The third prize will be a camera. And the fourth prize will be a wrist watch. If it happens that your recipe qualifies for one of these places but that you have the article already mentioned, then you may write the Editor and an alternate choice will be given you.

**A—Here are the conditions of the contest:**

1. Any subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is eligible to enter the contest.
2. You may submit one, or several recipes, up to five in number.
3. Write on one side of the paper only.
4. State your name, age, address, and troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) on the *upper right hand corner* of each page you submit.
5. All recipes must be received in this office by June 15, 1926.

**B—Recipes may be submitted for any one or several of the following occasions or classes of dishes:**

- Girl Scout Breakfast.
- Girl Scout Dinner.
- Girl Scout Tea or Porch Party.
- Mother-Daughter Menu or Birthday Party.
- Father's Lunch Box or School Lunch.
- Girl Scout Picnic—"hot" or "cold."
- Cookie Recipes.
- Candy Recipes.
- Canning, Jelly, or Preserving Recipes.

**C—Arrange Each Recipe in this Model Form:**

- Give ingredients required for each recipe.
- Give method followed in each case.
- Give a list of the utensils

you will require in preparing your favorite recipe.

Give cooking time, or preparation time.

Give the recipe in quantity sufficient to serve eight persons (a Girl Scout Patrol) and point out any difficulties the cook may encounter.



*Write out your recipe in this form*

*Name, address, age and troop number here*

## RINKTUM TIDDY

### Ingredients:

- 1 quart canned tomatoes
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced onions
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 lb. American cheese
- 2 eggs
- Hot buttered toast

### Method:

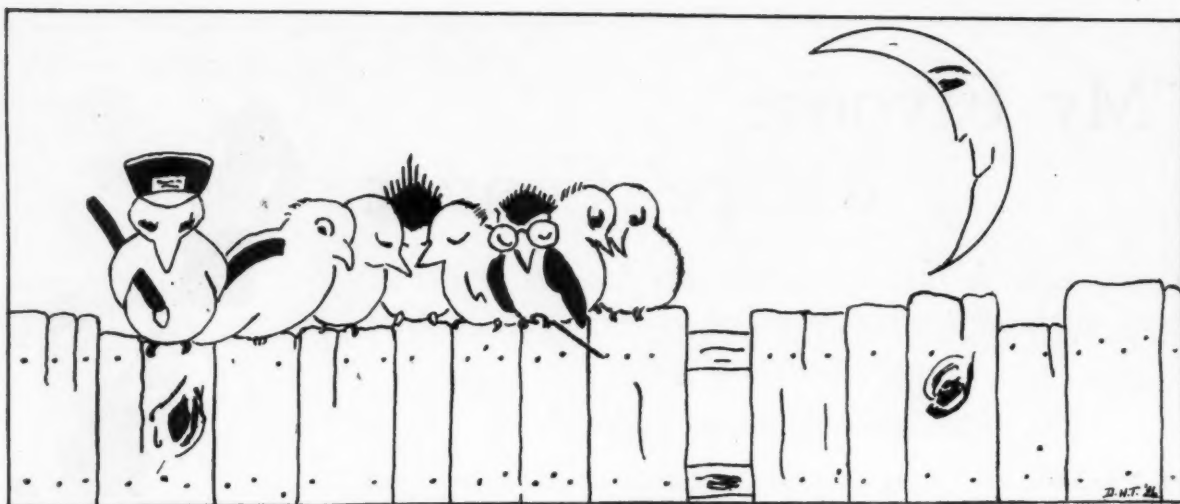
Heat tomatoes in enamel saucepan and add all seasonings. Grate cheese or cut in fine dice and add to tomato mixture, stirring constantly over a low fire. Beat eggs, and add with butter, continuing the stirring. When all is hot and evenly smooth pour on slices of buttered toast and serve immediately.

### Utensils:

- Large enamel saucepan, tablespoons, teaspoons, bowl and eggbeater, knife, toaster, serving platter.







THE Beholder publishes your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book. Our heading this month is drawn by Damia H. Thomas, Troop 3, Montclair, N. J.

### Legend of the Red Bird

Told by an Indian Girl Scout

AN old Indian mother lived in a lonely, desolate forest away from her other Indian friends. She had a beautiful daughter.

One beautiful moonlight night the daughter died, and her soul went to the happy hunting ground on a moonbeam. The mother could not think of living without her daughter, so she went to the Indian village and asked for two sturdy braves to assist her in getting her daughter back.

The young men went to the moon and asked for the girl. They received the girl's soul sealed in a box to take back to the mother. The braves were told, however, not to open the box.

All the way to the earth something in the box kept asking for air, air, until finally the younger of the two men begged his companion to open the box so that the voice inside might have some fresh air. The other brave refused to do so because he had been told not to open it until they reached the old mother.

Now the two men grew weary before the journey was over, and when they reached the earth they lay down to rest. The more faithful brave fell asleep. While he was asleep the other brave lifted up the covering just a little in order that air might enter. When the lid was opened, out flew the soul of the beautiful girl in the form of a red bird.

OCIE COUCH,  
Girl Scout Lieutenant,  
Muskogee, Okla.

## The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

A page written and illustrated by  
Girl Scouts

### Spring

Fragrance of flowers  
And freshly turned sod,  
Sweetly perfuming the air;  
Long dreamy hours  
When the presence of God  
Seems to be everywhere.

Whispering trees,  
And the chirp of a bird  
Calling its mate in her nest;  
Droning of bees,  
And the low of the herd  
As the sun sinks in the west.

GLENDORA GOSLING,  
Troop 20, Dayton, Ohio.

### My Back Yard Adventures

Sometimes we drive many miles across our low pine and oak covered mountains and then walk through the woods hoping to have rare bird experiences. Out of doors in our part of Alabama is always very beautiful, yet I am beginning to feel sure that our most delightful bird ad-

ventures are just in our own back yard.

Out there we cut down some trees to allow others to grow properly, but purposely left high stumps. Here I keep suet all the time, which the chickadees and titmice visit often, and in the bird shelter we keep whole corn—the cardinals' chief delight. While food regularly put out attracts birds, I am convinced that always to provide fresh water is even better, and that our bird baths have been the real reasons for our many bird adventures.

One of the bird baths is so easily constructed that I hope many Girl Scouts will make one like it. Fill a cheese box such as a grocer discards with the proper sand and cement mixture, and before it hardens, scoop out the top like a saucer so that it is about one and a half inches deep in the center. After the cement has hardened, tear away the box. Place this on a stump or other support, and keep it filled with fresh water every day. We have violets about the base of ours, outside of that are stepping stones, and then a circle of purple iris. Some roses near by are tied up to stakes, and the birds invariably fly to one of these stakes, look about, and then light on the rough edge of the bird bath to drink or bathe.

The other bath is on the ground and has been more popular this winter. Before building it we put up a cat-proof fence, so we felt justified in having water on the ground to attract birds. It is of cement, eight feet in diameter and two feet deep in the center, and slopes out to a shallow rim but two inches deep. A water pipe with a spray top stands in the middle, surrounded by a twelve-inch tile where a water lily, in rich earth, blooms for us all summer. We put wood ferns about the edge and have tried to have the whole setting as much like the woods as possible. This winter, on one of the coldest days I replenished the bath at least six times. Once I saw a chewink tapping on the ice of the big bath and cocking his head to one side as he watched the gold fish swimming about beneath the ice.

FLORENCE AYE BALLARD,  
Birmingham, Ala.



A simple combination of sand, cement and a cheese box formed this attractive bird bath, set amid iris and violets



100% American Girl subscribing troops thrive and flourish in Conn., (left, Norwalk—right, Stamford troops), but Gladima declares it's the spirit, not place that counts towards success



Planting an American Girl tree at Camp Juniper Knoll

# The Latest About The American Girl

## An American Girl Tree

*Planted at the Chicago Camp*

YOU can imagine how delighted everyone of us in THE AMERICAN GIRL office was last summer, when we heard that the girls in the Chicago Camp had planted an AMERICAN GIRL tree. The picture of their tree planting appears at the top of this page. On this occasion, the girls first gave the now-famous Fifty-Fifty stunt, every character in the cast planting with the tree a copy of her verse, given below. The latest issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL was also planted beside the little tree—which we hope is still very flourishing. Perhaps you will plant an AMERICAN GIRL tree, this season. We hope so. And if you do, why not write an original AMERICAN GIRL tree-planting ceremony, sending it to Helen Ferris? These verses were written for the Chicago girls by Miss Zenia Bilhorn, Director of Dramatics at Camp Juniper Knoll:

### Planting an American Girl Tree

JUSTA SCOUT:

Mark well this sacred little tree!  
A symbol blest, for you and me—  
Who want our Magazine to be  
The noblest of its kind!

(Continued on page 60)



"Fifty-Fifty" won generous applause at the Worcester, Mass., Girl Scout Camp

## Try an American Girl Contest

"It's great fun!" This is what the Girl Scouts of Stamford and Norwalk, Conn., unanimously decided last January, especially the day of the big party at Norwalk, when the girls there were hostesses to the Stamford girls. This is how they happened to be giving their party. Weeks before, Mrs. Prescott, the Local Director of Stamford, and Miss Doane, the Local Director of Norwalk,

(Continued on page 60)

## The American Girl Around the World

The latest news about what has been happening to THE AMERICAN GIRL the country over! There is so much one scarcely knows where to start. Even our old friend, Gladima Scout, is so absorbed in the letters about the magazine that she cannot seem to say more than, "Yes, we'd better start."

Have you given an AMERICAN GIRL stunt at your rally or your troop meeting or your mother-daughter banquet? Here is a letter from the girls of Duluth, Minn., telling about the good time they had when they dramatized the cunning Bear Cover, a picture of which you will find on our picture spread.

"Mary Davis, as a subscriber, meets Eileen Horgan, who is not a Girl Scout. Mary tries to get Eileen interested in THE AMERICAN GIRL and asks her to subscribe. Eileen says she knows nothing about the magazine and enquires about it. As Mary explains, the Troop, in costume, come out of the open book—Lucky Penny, the popular serial; the Jokes page, Athletics, First Aid. The Beholder was demonstrated by a Girl Scout with a pet monkey on her shoulder and another animal in her arms. By the time all the girls had appeared, a semicircle was formed around the magazine. Eileen became a Girl Scout and

a subscriber. The entire book, drawing and all, was made by Mary Davis, one of the Senior Girl Scouts of Troop 26. The girl on the cover with the bag of peanuts was Elizabeth Ryan."

Helen Ferris says one of the best times she had last winter was when she went out to the Girl Scouts of the Oranges for their AMERICAN GIRL rally. (And she adds that she wishes she could come to an AMERICAN GIRL rally with every one of you. If only these United States weren't so large!) The Orange girls' idea was much like that of the Duluth girls. A huge AMERICAN GIRL had been built on the stage, with a cover like a door, which could be opened and from which girls could step. Since the rally took place just before Christmas, the first time the cover opened, a Girl Scout was disclosed, reading the magazine and with Santa bending over her shoulder. She stepped from the cover and began reading the magazine and commenting upon it. As she commented, the cover opened and showed the various pages of the magazine. Our poetry page was represented by a Christmas carol tableau, which is also on our picture spread. The carol itself was sung behind the scenes.

Our news from over the ocean this month comes from far-away Syria. Of course we are choosing news that has to do with the magazine! Mrs. Florence M. Baldwin tells us that:

"Last November a twelve-year-old Armenian girl, who had been born in America and was a Girl Scout, was taken by her parents to live in Syria. My twin daughters were friends and playmates with this little girl and have received several letters from her. Life is so different there that she is very lonesome and we thought if she could have THE AMERICAN GIRL sent to her it would make her very happy.

"They took a copy to school with them and her classmates chipped in and we are sending you \$2.00 for one year's subscription beginning with the April number."

(Continued on page 61)



# All Together for

*For all girls—whether Girl Scouts wish to have in their own magazine a*

**LEFT:** It's not difficult to guess what these Milwaukee campers are saying to Miss Adelaide Werner: "Yes, indeed, we're going to give the magazine stunt and get all the girls to subscribe"



**LEFT:** "Shall we have it in the magazine, Beatrice?" Helen Ferris has asked one of The American Girl's Editorial Board. Meeting at National Headquarters, these girls help decide upon what shall go into the magazine. Thousands of other girls are editors, too, for they tell what they want in their letters

**BELOW:** American Girl rallies and stunts are quite the thing. This reproduction of a magazine cover in Duluth, Minn.—the girl posed by one Girl Scout, the bear painted by another—was Scene One in a magazine program



**RIGHT:** Everybody reads it! Nor is there a more enthusiastic friend of The American Girl than Mrs. Herbert Hoover, left, who at our last convention showed this Captain the latest news of the Girl Scouts



**RIGHT:** This summer many camp girls will be happy because of our magazine, as these Harrisburg, Pa., girls were happy. But for another reason, too—they are earning their camp money through our Earn - Your - Own Club and their camp outfit costs nothing because of our premiums





# or the American Girl

couts of—made by girls who say what they  
azine helped by older friends who read it, too



Helen

**RIGHT:** Which story was it, we wonder, that so absorbed these Brooklyn girls around the fireplace in their Girl Scout House? From ocean to ocean, girls are reading the magazine every month



**RIGHT:** Introducing four people who, with you, work to make *The American Girl* more interesting and larger than ever before—left to right—William N. Chew, our Circulation Manager, Helen Ferris, our Editor, Elliott P. Henry, our Advertising Manager, and Camille Davied, our new Managing Editor



**BELOW:** Charming tableaux and pantomimes can be made from every page in the magazine. This was a Christmas Carol page in the Orange, N. J., December rally. Other girls, behind scenes, sang the old English carols



**LEFT:** Every month our special representative, Mrs. W. H. Hoffman, tells the National Executive Committee about our magazine. Here she is at the end of the table in the Providence Girl Scout house



**LEFT:** Does every friend of yours realize that any girl may subscribe, whether she is a Girl Scout or not? Why not make your Good Turn that of spreading this good news? No one, looking at this picture of happy contentment beside the brook, will doubt that it is a Good Turn!



## The River Acres Riddle

(Continued from page 25)

will fish, too, all the earlier part of the evening, but down in another portion of the river. Then I'll run up here and park the car in your barn and wrap up warm and go and hide in the old boat-house where I can see without being seen. And tomorrow morning I may have something to tell you.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### Grandpa Allen Holds the Key

The night had turned chilly and raw, and a fine drizzle made sitting outdoors impossible. The two girls decided that, since Dick had agreed to do the watching for them, and as nothing ever did happen, or hadn't at least so far in connection with their mystery, before the wee hours of the morning, they would favor themselves for once, sit in the living-room by the big fire on the hearth, and go to bed in good season.

"I'm going to read a book," declared Mariette, "and forget it all for just this evening. My brain is in such a whirl that I can't think straight any more."

"You can do that if you want, but my brain wouldn't settle down to reading an ordinary book, no matter how I tried," said Dorita. "I'll sit by the fire, too, but I believe I'll just take that piece of paper and try to see whether I can make any more sense out of it, since we've discovered so many other things."

"Grandpa always sits in the living-room Sunday nights," objected Mariette, "and he might notice what you're doing and ask about it. And we don't want him to know about it all yet."

"Not a chance," declared Dorita. "You know he's always absorbed in his papers and never gives a thought to anything else. I'll be perfectly safe."

The girls followed out their program as they had planned it. After the simple supper was over and the dishes washed, they all established themselves in the living-room, and Dorita threw on enough logs in the big fireplace to make quite a roaring blaze, which was more than welcome in the unseasonable change of cold that had begun with late afternoon.

The room was very quiet for a long while, except for the snap and crackle of the blazing logs and the rustle of Grandpa's newspapers. Grandpa Allen had a New York daily paper sent him by mail as regularly as clockwork. But so absorbed was he in his beloved task of Latin translation, that during the week there was never a moment he felt he could spare for anything so mundane as reading the paper. They were always brought home from the post office and laid aside, still in their wrappers, till Sunday evening, when it was his pleasure and relaxation to open and devour the whole six of them—an occupation that often kept him up till midnight.

He sat now surrounded by mounds of them, for, as soon as he had finished one section, he invariably deposited it on the floor.

After almost an hour's silence, Dorita suddenly whispered excitedly to Mariette: "Look here! Something's just dawned on me. I've been studying and studying this thing and comparing it with my list of clues and all of a sudden this struck me. Do you remember Dick telling us last night, how that fellow had muttered, 'It's the third—the third, I tell you!'"



#### The Shutter Clicks for the Camera Contest

Pictures of long vistas, Girl Scout picnics, city streets—beautiful and amusing—from all over the country, and from Europe as well! So many were entered for our Camera Contest that the judge, Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, could hardly decide which was best. Indeed, "Three prizes are not enough," she said. "We must have four." And after much cogitation the following were declared winners:

##### First prize a camera

TO HELEN GILLESPIE, Troop 8, Binghamton, New York

##### Second prize

TO LOLA KREITZ, Troop 2, San Antonio, Texas

##### Third prize

TO HELEN TRASK, Troop 3, Deer Lodge, Montana

##### Fourth prize

TO JEAN MACDONALD, a Lone Scout, Brussels, Belgium

The second, third and fourth prizes are three of Mrs. Beals' beautiful photographs. And so many won honorable mention that we haven't room to list them all. However, you may see many of them in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for June; and they will be enlarged and on exhibition at the Girl Scout Convention at St. Louis.

You get that right. It's important. And when we asked Dick what he thought it meant, he only told us to consult this paper? We haven't had time to do it till now, but I see exactly what he meant. The very first thing on here is '3d' and naturally that means the abbreviation for 'third.'

"Well, but of course," whispered Mariette without much enthusiasm. "I thought of that right away without even consulting the paper because I'd remembered it, and I supposed you had too."

But even so, it doesn't get us anywhere."

"Humph! perhaps it didn't get you anywhere, but it did me!" protested Dorita indignantly. "Does it occur to you that the word 'third,' combined with this one farther along, 'from' (the only two things we actually know without a doubt in it) make this whole writing just one thing?"

"Well, what is it?" asked Mariette.

"A direction, of course! Instructions about a certain place. Something is the 'third' something 'from' something else. Now listen to me and just think a minute or two. Why should a complete stranger take the trouble to drive by here at two o'clock on a stormy night to fix a paper like that on one of our fence-posts, unless it meant directions about finding something or going somewhere right around here? And then when you combine that with what he was muttering about someone 'following him inside of twenty-four hours,' doesn't it mean beyond a doubt that this direction was for them, and they were to read it and find the something?"

Mariette was suddenly fired by Dorita's deductions and her unenthusiastic manner dropped from her. "I believe you're right!" she whispered. "And more than that, it's probably something he'd hidden that he wanted them to find."

"I somehow had the impression that his car had been standing where it was quite a long time that night when its light woke me up. I felt as if I'd had that light in my face for ages, yet I suppose it couldn't have been more than fifteen or twenty minutes anyway, but it would have been long enough for him to hide something, if that's what he was up to." Dorita was fitting the pieces together more and more rapidly.

"Third W T from B," she murmured. "Now what's 'W T' and what's 'B'? If we knew what those letters meant, we'd know everything."

"No we wouldn't," Mariette disagreed. "There are still two more lines on that paper. Personally, I think the last, 'D H,' are somebody's initials, like a signature."

"That's a possibility I hadn't thought of," admitted Dorita. "But if they are, they can't be Eric Leydorf's, anyway. Let's suppose they are the initial signature. Then that leaves the line above still without a clue—'10 f W.' The ten may mean distance or it may mean time or money or—or most anything."

"Wait a minute!" whispered Mariette excitedly. "That just gave me an idea. '10f'—what could 'ten f' possibly mean, if this whole thing were, as we suspect, the direction about finding something? Might 'f' possibly stand for 'feet'?"

"Oh, my soul! I believe you've struck it!" cried Dorita out loud.

"What's that? What's that?" exclaimed Grandpa Allen, suddenly crumpling his paper and looking at them inquiringly over the top of his spectacles.

"Only a puzzle we're trying to make out," answered Mariette hastily.

(Continued on page 48)

The "River Acres" riddle is solved in our next issue

## CANTILEVER STORES

Cut this Out for Reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Mkt.)  
 Albany—65 Columbia St. (cor. N. Pearl)  
 Alton—465 Hamilton St.  
 Altoona—Bendheim's, 1502 Eleventh Ave.  
 Asheville—Pollock's  
 Atlanta—129 Peachtree Arcade  
 Atlantic City—2619 Boardwalk (nr. Shelburne)  
 Baltimore—316 North Charles St.  
 Bangor—John Connors Shoe Co.  
 Berkeley—The Bootery  
 Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.  
 Birmingham—319 North 26th St.  
 Boston—109 Newbury St. (cor. Clarendon St.)  
 Bridgeport—1025 Main St. (2nd floor)  
 Brooklyn—518 Fulton St. (Hanover Pl.)  
 Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)  
 Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard Co.  
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.  
 Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.  
 Chicago—1050 Leland (near Bway.)  
 6410 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodstock)  
 1405 Morse Ave. (Rogers Park)  
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.  
 Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.  
 Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)  
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.  
 Dayton—The Elks-Kumler Co.  
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg.  
 Detroit—2938 Park Ave. (at Elizabeth St.)  
 Duluth—107 W. 1st St. (nr. 1st Ave. W.)  
 Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.  
 Elmira—C. W. O'Shea  
 Erie—Weasler Co., 924 State St.  
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery  
 Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)  
 Grand Rapids—Hempelshimer Co.  
 Greenville—Pollock's  
 Hagerstown—Bikle's Shoe Shop  
 Harrisburg—317 North 2nd St.  
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.  
 Haverhill—Bennett & Co.  
 Holyoke—Thos. B. Childs, 275 High St.  
 Houston—205 Gulf St. (above Elevator)  
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl Co.  
 Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.  
 Ithaca—Rothschild Bros.  
 Jacksonville, Fla.—Opp. Seminole Hotel  
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.  
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoes House  
 Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.  
 Kingston, N. Y.—E. T. Steele & Son  
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.  
 Lancaster, Pa.—Watt & Rhoad  
 Lewiston, Me.—Lamey-Wellenhan, 110 Lisbon St.  
 Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.  
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.  
 Little Rock—417 Main St. (Pugh Bldg.)  
 Long Beach, Cal.—E. Pine Ave.  
 Los Angeles—728 S. Hill St. (3rd floor)  
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.  
 Lowell—The Bon Marche  
 Madison, Wis.—Hedley Shoe Store  
 Memphis—28 North Second St.  
 Milwaukee—Browner Shoe Co.  
 Minneapolis—300 South  
 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—A. J. Rice & Co.  
 Nashville—J. A. Messers & Sons  
 Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)  
 New Bedford—Olympic Shoe Shop  
 Newburgh—G. A. C. Van Beuren  
 New Haven—190 Orange St. (near Court)  
 New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (2nd floor)  
 14 W. 40th St. (South of Library)  
 762 Lexington Ave. (at 60th)  
 New York—365 E. Fordham Rd. (at Marion Ave.)  
 2950 Third Ave. (152nd St.)  
 13 John St. (bet. Nassau and Bway.)  
 Norfolk—Ames & Brownley  
 Oakland—516-15th St. (opp. City Hall)  
 Oklahoma City—Fentley's, 233 W. Main St.  
 Omaha—1708 Howard St.  
 Pasadena—424 E. Colorado St.  
 Paterson—18 Hamilton St. (opp. Regent Theatre)  
 Pawtucket—Evans & Young  
 Peoria—105 S. Jefferson St. (Lehmann Bldg.)  
 Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.  
 Pittsburgh—The Eisenbach Co.  
 Pittsfield—Wm. Fisher, 234 North St.  
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale  
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.  
 Portland, Ore.—323 Washington St.  
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schonberger  
 Providence—The Boston Store  
 Reading—Common Sense, Inc., 28 S. 5th St.  
 Richmond, Va.—Seymour Speie  
 Roanoke—J. Bachrach Shoe Co.  
 Rochester—17 Gibbs St. (at East Ave.)  
 Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.  
 St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)  
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)  
 St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederick Hotel)  
 St. Petersburg—W. L. Tillinghast  
 Sacramento—1012 E. Street  
 Saginaw—Goeschel-Kuiper Co.  
 Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.  
 San Diego—The Marston Co.  
 San Francisco—127 Stockton St.  
 Scranton—Lewis & Reilly  
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter  
 Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.  
 Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.  
 Spokane—The Crescent  
 Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Kisholt  
 Springfield, Mass.—Forbes and Wallace  
 Stamford, Conn.—L. Speike & Son  
 Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.  
 Tacoma—750 St. Helens Ave. (above 9th St.)  
 Toledo—Lafayette & Koch Co.  
 Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.  
 Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)  
 Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store  
 Tulsa—28 Blandine St. (cor. Union)  
 Washington—1319 F Street (2nd floor)  
 Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.  
 Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.  
 Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.  
 Yonkers—22 Main St.  
 Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

Agencies in 443 other cities



## As fascinating as woodlore

WHEN a Girl Scout goes through the woods she is able to identify the hemlock, fir, the different pines, sugar maple and silver maple, the Indian pipe, partridge berry, wintergreen, the downy woodpecker, the flicker the jumco. Her walk is rich and satisfying.

No less fascinating to contemplate are her two wonderful feet which carry her uncomplaining through Nature's wonderland. How interesting it is to know that the normal foot is in reality a delicately constructed cantilever spring. It saves our bodies and nerves from the shocks and jars of each step and when normally active enables us to walk almost without heed to time or distance. How supremely important it is to our happiness and well-being to make sure that our precious feet shall never suffer by our own carelessness and neglect!

Young, willing feet can be kept young throughout a long lifetime of enjoyable activity if the kind of shoes we wear are made to preserve their springy strength. Thousands of Girl Scouts realize this interesting truth and that is why they are wearing Cantilever Shoes.

Cantilevers are built along the natural lines of the foot. Even if you wear the

same size in Cantilever Shoes that you do in other shoes, your feet have more room to function properly because there is no pressure at the wrong points. Furthermore, the arch of the Cantilever is flexible like the arch of your foot. That is why you can walk tirelessly in Cantilevers. The muscles of your foot are able to exercise with every step and your feet keep springy and natural.

The wedged heel of the Cantilever encourages you to toe straight ahead. Your gait is natural and graceful. Your toes straighten out and give added power to your step. You get greater pleasure and profit from hiking.

It is hard to imagine a Girl Scout who does not like to walk. And what more logical shoe for a Girl Scout to select, than the Cantilever, which gives her greater ease and comfort in walking. Don't forget that Cantilevers are real good-looking shoes made of the finest leathers. Have you a pair of Cantilever Shoes?

If none of the stores at the left is near you, the Cantilever Corporation, 429 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, will be glad to send you the address of a Cantilever dealer who is more conveniently located.

# Cantilever Shoe

Wonderful for walking



When writing to our advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"



## Chub's Old Doodle-Do

(Continued from page 11)

toes still gripped in its steel jaws she gave a little exclamation half of pity and half of disappointment.

"Oh, you had her. But she got away. That is too bad." Bending over, she examined the three toes with great hooked claws extended, and shivered a little.

"Ugh, the poor thing. That must have hurt."

"Traps are cruel things when they get hooked into a young fawn, or a rabbit, or spruce grouse, or some other animal. But, believe me, Saddle-back Range would be better off without that old lynx."

"I guess you are right, dad. Come on in. Breakfast is ready. I wish mother would come back today. I'm just crazy to see her again," said Mabel as she picked up Chub and led the way into the room that served them as a combination kitchen and dining room.

"Reckon she'll be back by the end of this week," said her father. "Aunt Sarah should be well by this time. Will you be glad to go back to Beamis and school, Mab?"

Mabel shook her head.

"No, I love it up here in the woods. So does Chub. He has the grandest time out there rolling around in the dooryard and playing with old Doodle-Do."

"I'll be right sorry to go back myself," said the fire warden, getting up and lighting his pipe.

Then hugging Chub (during which process Chub managed to poke a spoonful of oatmeal in his father's eye) and kissing Mabel, Dave Yerry started up the mountain-side toward his fire-tower at the top.

Mabel's father was the fire guard of the thousands of acres of timberland that could be seen from the top of the tower on Saddle-back.

Every spring he moved his little family up from the town of Beamis to the cabin at the foot of Saddle-back Mountain, where they lived while he spent the daylight hours on the mountain top overlooking the huge tract of forest and watching for tell-tale signs of forest fires.

But this year their usually pleasant summer in the woods had been interrupted by the serious illness of his wife's sister, Sarah, and Mabel had been left in charge of Chub and the mountain cabin while her mother had returned to town to care for the invalid.

After her father had taken his way out of sight up the winding trail toward the fire tower Mabel stood in the doorway of the cabin absently looking down the road that led toward the settlement of Beamis. She would have given anything to have seen Bart Keck's old sorrel horse and buckboard coming up the road bringing her mother back to the cabin once more, for, after nearly three weeks of household responsibilities and the care of Chub, she was growing a little bit tired and lonesome.

Chub's yells from the high chair and the clatter of his metal bowl on the floor indicated plainly that he had finished his breakfast and wanted to be lifted down and turned loose to romp. Mabel turned back from the door and eliminated all traces of breakfast from Chub with a damp wash cloth. Then she carried him down the porch steps.

"There, go romp with old Doodle-Do while I slick up the house," she said.

At the appearance of Chub a big, pom-

up at the end of a little ravine that some cataclysm of nature had opened in the side of Saddle-back Mountain centuries before. Sleep would not come to her because of a gnawing hunger that had not been satisfied for more than twenty-four hours. Hunting had not been good for her lately. She had ranged so long on Saddle-back Mountain that small game was getting scarce and she was finding it necessary to wander farther and farther afield each night to make her kill. She was bent on an expedition down in the valley below Saddle-back when the trap interrupted her wanderings, and now, handicapped as she was with one of her paws useless, she seemed to realize that it was going to be next to impossible to keep herself alive depending entirely upon rabbits and spruce grouse.

She snarled softly as she remembered the faint man smell that had been on the steel chain and the clog. This big two-legged creature who walked upright was a fool. It was easy for any wild creature to steal from him if it had the courage to venture down into his domains at the foot of Saddle-back Mountain. The lynx remembered two expeditions down there each of which yielded an easy kill. Those two big, foolish brown birds, bigger than the biggest spruce grouse she had ever caught, had both made substantial meals.

Thoughts of the two hens she had stolen on the edge of the clearing around the fire warden's cabin early in the spring made the great cat's mouth water and sharpened

the gnawing of her hunger. There was another one of those big birds down there, a little larger than the others. She would go down and kill it and carry it back to her den.

Hunting by day was not entirely to the liking of the big cat but her hunger was such that she could not resist the thought of an easy kill to be made on the edge of the clearing.

Limping, but making little sound, the tawny beast moved shadow-like out of the ravine and slipped down the mountain-side taking advantage of the thickness of the undergrowth whenever it was possible. Alternately prowling silently or crouching warily in the heavy undergrowth more like a phantom than an animal she drifted down the slope until she came to the level stretch that marked the foot of the mountain.

Presently she reached an axe-felled tree and crouching behind the trunk of this she slipped along the log until she reached a point where she could look out into the opening. Her merciless eyes took in every detail of the clearing. They located the big brown bird. Old Doodle-Do stood atop the woodpile. A soft snarl of disappointment sounded in the animal's throat. She had hoped that he would be strutting on the edge of the

### A Sea Scout

This is a picture of Corinne Edwards, a Girl Scout of Wollaston, Mass. It was taken last summer when Corinne was a Sea Scout.

With other girls she cruised along the New England coast under the guidance of Miss Winifred Lander, a Guider from Scotland, who was Director of the sea camp. The picture itself might have served as a model for our sea cover, might it not? Aye, it's "deck watch, mind the job and stays!" when you're a Sea Scout!



clearing. But she caught the movement of something that interested her a little more than the rooster did. It was a fat, chubby, clumsy little thing, a man-cub, who was stumbling about the clearing on uncertain legs trying to catch an elusive moth in its tiny hands.

Chub was following the erratic course of a beautiful luna moth from one resting place to another, and the eyes of the lynx saw that it was slowly drawing nearer the log behind which she was crouching.

By awkward stumbling dashes the baby drew nearer and nearer the log. It was laughing now at the game it was playing with the moth. Twice its chubby hands almost closed on the bright, elusive thing, and each time it flew out of reach Chub screamed with delight and dashed after it. Once Chub fell in the long grass, rolled over and got clumsily to his feet. As the baby tumbled, the lynx cautiously slipped along the log a little more; drew a few feet nearer to the youngster. Then the big cat settled close to the ground and tensed her muscles for a swift and deadly rush.

So intent was she on watching the baby that she lost all trace of her original interest, the rooster. Doodle-Do from the eminence of the woodpile watched Chub as he struggled in the grass. Then his quick keen eye caught the flash of tawny fur as something moved on the far side of the log at the edge of the clearing in the direction Chub was moving. A moment he stood alert, statue-like, watching. Then suddenly recollections of the big beast that had struck down first one of his hens and then another a few months before flooded his rooster brain and set his valiant fighting heart on fire. This cat was his enemy. Moreover, instinct told him it was lurking behind the log waiting for a chance to pounce on Chub; Chub, who fed him, who romped with him and pulled his wattles and comb with his tiny hands.

A fighter to the very core, a defender of his little flock against any enemy, a born champion, old Doodle-Do's gallant spirit flared. With a squawk that was his battle cry and with his long neck distended, his wattles red with anger, and his eyes blazing, he launched himself from the top of the woodpile, and half flying and half running flashed across the doorway just as the lynx appeared from behind the log in the first few steps of its deadly rush toward Chub.

A veritable feathered thunderbolt, Doodle-Do hurled himself at the cat with all the strength and force in his twelve-pound body.

With a scream half of fright and half of anger the lynx stopped in its charge, and striking upward with its paw raked a handful of red feathers out of the rooster's tail. But before the cat could recover herself for a second, the rooster dropped out of the air and raked her again with both spurs, driving one into her sensitive nose. In a frenzy the lynx reared on its hind legs and struck with both paws trying to seize the rooster as he leaped out of reach. Again feathers flew and Doodle-Do was knocked sprawl-

ing with the force of the cat's blow. Like a flash the lynx leaped after him striving to pin him to the ground. But the rooster regained his feet an instant before the cat reached him and was in the air thumping her with his flailing wings and driving his sharp spurs home once more.

For several minutes the lynx and the rooster battled furiously. Time and again Doodle-Do was knocked over and over across the dooryard but always he rebounded like a feathered ball of fury and charged the enraged cat before she could pin him to the ground or fasten her fangs into him.

Chub, startled, paralyzed with fright at the sudden commotion, stood on sturdy fat legs watching the encounter with big, round, staring eyes. But when he saw his old friend Doodle-Do being battered and buffeted about by the big fierce creature who had come out from behind the log, he gave voice to a scream of anguish and bravely started toward the combatants to lend his feeble aid to his friend the rooster.

There was that about Chub's scream that fortunately brought Mabel to the door instantly. One glance at the big cat and the rooster's valiant effort to give him battle, and Mabel, white of face and trembling, rushed into the living-room of the cabin and seized her father's rifle. A moment later she plunged out through the doorway and rushed straight at the lynx. The great cat saw her come and with a snarl turned and started to bolt toward the woods, but the rooster with a squawk of triumph launched himself at the animal's head again in such a furious attack that the lynx had to check its headlong flight and drive off its feathered antagonist, or suffer having her eyes put out by those raking spurs.

Doodle-Do's attack delayed the lynx's flight sufficiently long to allow Mabel to get beyond Chub so that he was out of all danger of being hit. Then with the strength and courage of a girl backwoods-born, she threw the heavy rifle to her shoulder, took quick aim and pulled the trigger.

With a snarl that mounted into a gurgling scream the lynx leaped into the air, turned completely over and dropped to the ground kicking convulsively. The rooster, startled at the explosion, gave voice to a frightened squawk and rushed flapping away toward the woodpile. Mabel, white, dazed, and almost hysterical, sat down violently at the recoil of the rifle and Chub, screaming with fear, flung himself into her lap.

But Doodle-Do was the first to recover himself. The fight over and his enemy vanquished, he perched on top of the woodpile, puffed out his chest and crowed lustily. He made such a ridiculously pompous figure with his feathers ruffled and his wings half spread that Mabel looked at him and burst into hysterical laughter, at which Chub ceased his screaming and stared up at his sister. Then he got up on his sturdy legs and walked toward the woodpile shouting, "Doodle-Do, Doodle-Do," as he held up his fat arms and tried to coax the still crowing rooster into them.

**Extra help on washday!**  
Quick, safe and thorough cleanliness!

Splendid soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha, working hand-in-hand, make Fels-Naptha different from any other soap, in any shape or form!

Get this extra help for yourself! Isn't it worth a penny more a week—this extra help you can get only in Fels-Naptha—especially when it is so much cheaper in the end?

Your dealer has Fels-Naptha  
—or will get it for you

## For Outdoor Meals



## This Complete Stove Only 25c

Long hikes in the open! How the golden sunlight and fresh, clear air brace! And when hunger comes, the STERNO CANNED HEAT OUTFIT is ready in an instant to supply golden toast, crisp bacon, fragrant coffee and the hundred other dishes your appetite suggests. And it's also ideal for many home uses. It folds flat and weighs only 8 ounces.

Sold by dealers everywhere or send 25c to Serno Corp., 9 East 37th St., New York City, Dept. 403, and we'll send you prepaid, stove, can of Serno Canned Heat and handy extinguisher. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

## STERNO CANNED HEAT

Serno is Manufactured under U. S. Gov't Permit for Use only as a Fuel

## Plays and Entertainments for Girls

Send for our new  
256 page Catalog and  
Special circular  
"Plays for Girls"



**SAMUEL FRENCH**

Incorporated 1898

T. R. EDWARDS, Managing Director  
25 West 45th St., New York City

**Coming—ghost stories for your camp fire**

## THE WOMANS PRESS

600 Lexington Ave.  
New York



Does  
Your  
Club  
Have  
A  
Camp  
This  
Summer  
?

Then You Will Want

### The Girl's Everyday Book

"Where are we going? What shall we do with our strange feelings which nobody seems to understand when we are growing up? What makes unhappiness in the world?"—These are some of the questions that you are helped to answer by this book "to go adventuring in." \$1.00

### Explorers

Plans for your camp program, services of worship, outlines for discussion, fitting your recreation into your serious thinking. An enchanting booklet that looks like the woods. \$.50

### Every Girl's Health

Skits, pantomimes, songs and stunts for making health and exercise inviting and popular. Volumes I and II, each \$.75

THE WOMANS PRESS  
600 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Please send \_\_\_\_\_  
to M \_\_\_\_\_  
\$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed.



## Campfires and Ghost Stories

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature*

NOW that the camp season is not so far ahead as it seemed in mid-winter, it is getting to be time to lay in a stock of ghost stories. If I were writing to anyone but Girl Scouts, I should explain why I put together two things that might seem unlike as campfires and ghosts, but every girl who has gathered with other girls round the blaze that holds the forest's dark at arm's length, or for that matter who has sat beside the glowing logs of a winter fireplace, knows that sooner or later the girls get to telling ghost stories and that the time comes when it is her turn to tell one. So you may wish to know that there is an excellent collection of *Humorous Ghost Stories* published by Putnam, and a companion volume of *Famous Modern Ghost Stories*, also, edited by Dorothy Scarborough—who is a college professor, so you will know that these tales are not only good scarers but good as literature. There is a new collection of *Best Ghost Stories* edited by Bohun Lynch (Small, Maynard), and a well-known one, *Famous Ghost Stories* (Crowell).

But if you are looking for lasting and satisfactory chills and thrills, you will find them—at least I have found them—in the works of a writer whom you would not call a ghost-story maker exactly: I mean, of course, Lord Dunsany. Take *The Book of Wonder*, for instance (Luce), and just one of the tales in it, the one about the thief who had made such an art of thievery and was so proud of his profession that nothing would do but he must steal the emeralds of the ghibbelins. These were of vast value, and there were vatsful of them down in the cellars of the ghibbelins' house, which was in the heart of a most unpleasant wood. Don't ask me what ghibbelins are, for I don't know, and from the look of the word I don't think I want to: they must be creatures that would do you no manner of good.

Now the thief manages to get through the forest with great pains and reaches the clearing in safety, where he can look up at the house, lying silent and apparently empty. At any rate the doors are unguarded, the rooms are deserted, and

nothing looks out from any window. But the way in which Dunsany says that gives you the creeps; you feel there is something most tremendously wrong somehow, and you want to shout to the fellow, thief as he is, "Don't go in!" But in he goes and finds no one at all within; he climbs down the cellar stairs and fills his bags with jewels and comes tugging them back with him up the steps—and there in the parlor are all the ghibbelins just standing there silently, looking at him. They had left the empty house as a bait. *The Book of Wonder* is full of thrills like that.

But there are just as many in Dunsany's plays, and these make wonderful firelight stories. Take the one called *The Gods of the Mountain*, for instance. It seems there is a village far away and long ago (all Dunsany's places have strange beautiful names, and you can't find them on the map) where the people worship a company of green stone idols in a temple off away among the hills. Few of the villagers have seen these stone gods in their mountain temple, but they know the gods are green and believe them to be very powerful, dangerous to disobey or even to displease. Now there is a company of beggars at the gate whose leader has the bright idea that they should represent themselves as the Gods of the Mountain come upon a visit to town, and of course be supported in fine style by the faithful people. He does not try to dress his men in green or make them look like stone; no, he cleverly has them put on a green garment beneath their rags, so that a bit of color will show now and again, as if by accident, and because the beggar leader is after all a man of high intelligence, one has moments of being almost convinced that there is something godlike about him. He convinces the people, distrustful at first, that he and his company are really supernatural visitors. So the beggars live very comfortably—until they hear steps far off, coming very slowly nearer, very slowly and heavily, getting louder and heavier as they come, as if each step were of stone. In speechless terror they wait until the door opens and a line of green

## SCOUT LEADERS Teach by Games

Scout  
Games  
for  
Troop  
Meetings  
Hikes

"Scouting Is Fun"  
By MARJORIE S. KIRK  
2nd Edition

A collection of games for use by Girl Scout Leaders. Tenderfoot and Second Class taught by games.

Pocket Size 50c Prepaid  
Onondaga Council Girl  
Scouts  
Clark Music Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

## Welcome to our International Guests

In May, from over the ocean will come Girl Scout and Girl Guide leaders from more than thirty different countries. While they are with us they will visit the Girl Scouts of New England at Cedar Hill, outside Boston. They will go to Washington, and to our Camp Edith Macy, where Girl Scout leaders from all parts of this country will await them.

*If you like mysteries you will be thrilled by "The Secret Cargo"*



stone idols stump slowly into the room. They pause before the first beggar, point at him as he sits cross-legged in his little imitation shrine, and he quietly tucks in his toes and turns to stone. So they go down the row, not saying a word, and when all the men are stone, they turn and silently stump away again and you hear their steps grow faint in the distance.

Another writer whose works are full of firelight stories is James Stephens, author of *The Crock of Gold* and *Irish Fairy Tales* (Macmillan)—which are not for children but for older readers—and many another book that is already part of our literature. He is an Irishman, a little man with a face like an Irish fairy, a tongue of silver and a heart of gold. Suppose you are fifteen or sixteen and have never read anything of James Stephens, you will be coming upon him now at just about the right time, I think. By the time you are as old as I am you will have read *The Crock of Gold* many times, and each time you will get something more out of it—and this is the sort of book you ought to be reading when you are growing up.

By the time you have reached sixteen you will have read *The Three Guardsmen* and, if you like it, *Twenty Years After*, its sequel, and as much more by that master of adventure, old Dumas, as you can find in English. But there comes a time when you will have used up all the Dumas there are, and long before that—for many of the later Dumas romances are mighty thin stuff—I hope you will have come upon a quite new story called *Beau Geste*, by Percival Wren (Stokes), a story of mystery and romance, of three brothers and the great desert, and war and wild adventure. Everyone seems to like *Beau Geste*, but I believe the girls who will like it the most are the outdoor type, the ones that, generally speaking, don't care much about reading—not when one can swim or skate or do something active in the open air. For *Beau Geste* takes a girl out of doors and out of herself and makes her breathe deep—when she isn't holding her breath—and if she does not cry in some places, she must be hard to move.

However, let's end, this month, with a quieter book, *The Path of the Gopatis*, by Zilpha Carruthers, sent me for review by the National Dairy Council. It is a story of how man has kept cows all through history, and what milk-products have meant to life and prosperity. I should think it would be useful for leaders and in club libraries, for it is pleasantly told and its facts are certainly interesting. They would come in handy, I think, when arranging pageants or camp entertainments. "Gopatis" meant "Lord of the Cows" and also "King"; it was the old, old word for a conqueror, away back in Central Asia in the days when property was in the form of cattle and a man was rich according to the number of cows he had. Cows were worshiped in Tyre and Babylonia, Egypt and India, and were respected everywhere. There are poems quoted from Christopher Morley and others, and a great many amusing silhouette pictures.



## World Famous Women Tennis Champions Play In Keds

IN 1925 the winners of 21 national tennis championships played in Keds, including the winners of five girls' and women's national championships:

National Women's Singles  
National Girls' Singles  
National Indoor Women's Singles

National Women's Doubles (one player)  
and the championship of Mexico in Women's Singles.

Besides the national champions, a long list of other great women tennis players—in this country and Europe—played in Keds. And millions of girls wear Keds all summer long.

Of course, they prefer Keds. Keds have such wonderful wear-

ing quality—such live, springy, sure-gripping soles—such light, cool, well-ventilated uppers—and they look so neat and trim and fit so snugly. No wonder Keds are favorites for all sports wear.

Keds are also ideal for camping, hiking and everyday wear.

Keds come in all popular styles and at prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Be sure you get the *real* Keds. Look for the name Keds on the shoe.

### Keds Hand-book of Sports Free!

Our 1926 Keds Hand-book of Sports gives rules for games and sports, vacation and camping suggestions, and lots of other interesting information. Sent free if you address Dept. 67, 1790 Broadway, New York.

United States Rubber Company

They are not Keds  
unless the name Keds  
is on the shoe

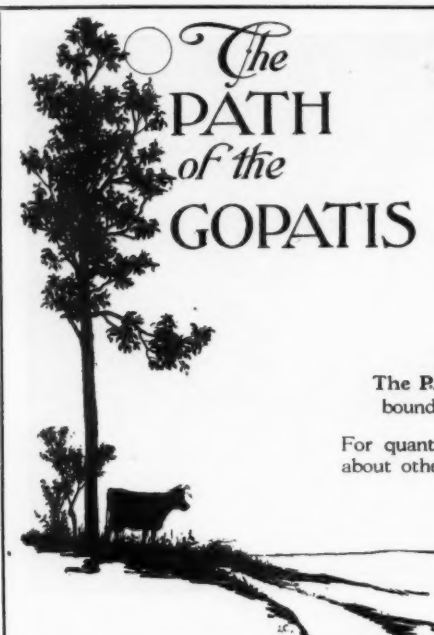
# Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



An attractive Keds model designed for sports and general wear.

Patronize our advertisers—they make the magazine possible



*The*  
**PATH**  
*of the*  
**GOPATIS**

ALL SCOUTS and their leaders will want to read this romantic, fascinating story of the cow's service in the progress of the human race.

Leaders will be furnished, free, Suggestions for the use of the book, edited by Mabel C. Bragg.

Single copies of  
The **PATH of the GOPATIS**  
bound in board covers \$ .60

For quantity prices and information  
about other health literature address:

**National Dairy Council**  
910 South Michigan Ave.  
Chicago


**KENNEBEC TORPEDO—Fastest Canoe Afloat**

A sport model for the experienced canoeist. Its lines lower the center of gravity for speed. The shape of the ends, with narrow beam, gives it a very classy look. Handsome striping. Best materials throughout.

**WRITE!** **WRITE FOR CATALOG** which shows 17 models. **POPULAR!**

**KENNEBEC BOAT & CANOE CO.**

Dept. AG-12 Waterville Maine



**The WHY and the HOW  
of the Woods**

The kinks that only a Woodsman knows, the secrets of the woods and underbrush, the trails and totems to be found in the city are all revealed to you in

**THE BIRCH BARK ROLL**



by ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Every Girl Scout should have this for her own.

Cloth bound, \$1.75 postpaid.

**Woodcraft League of America**  
(INCORPORATED)

70 East 45th St. New York City

## Treasure Hunts at Home

By ANNA COYLE

It isn't only in camp that we go treasure hunting; nor is it only in camp that we spend hours dreaming about what we wish the treasure would be. It's a vacation trip, perhaps, or money for college expenses, or a new tennis racquet, or just spending money. "If I could only earn some money myself," we say over and over. Some girls have solved that problem for themselves, and their solutions may give you some ideas, too.

Mildred, a New York State girl, is living on a farm, which she helps to operate, and is making her extra money raising beautiful collie dogs. I wish you could see my pictures of Mildred taken with two of her favorites!

Another outdoor girl has discovered a most fascinating way to earn almost a hundred dollars a year through giving lessons in swimming at the lake where she spends the summer with her parents.

Marguerite M., a girl in Tennessee, sells small loaves of gingerbread at the market each Saturday and makes a few dollars. Her loaves are always of uniform size and quality and she has built up quite a demand for them.

Light, fluffy angel food cakes are the source of income for another Tennessee girl who can scarcely fill the demand for them among her mother's friends. In fact, she has had to solicit the aid of her father, who delivers the cakes for her. The secret of her success has been in the excellent quality of her cakes and in the fact that she is entirely dependable. Every cake is baked under the same conditions and by the same recipe and she is most accurate in filling her orders. If Madam Hostess has ordered a cake for her party, she is sure that it will be there on time and, what is more, that it will be the kind of cake she will be proud to serve her guests. Each cake is wrapped in oiled paper and packed in a standard white cake box.

Still another girl thought of the homely task of family mending, and through sending out postcards to her mother's friends, the busy housewives of her community, she was able to take over the family mending for them. At first she kept a record of the time spent and charged by the hour. Afterwards she was able to estimate time and charge so much for each piece. She makes several dollars each week in this way and could make more if time permitted.

Marjorie has had to give up her dream of college for the present, because of illness in the family. She has a rare talent for music, however, and is earning money for her future studies by giving programs at afternoon parties, teaching small children, playing the organ in a church, furnishing music for a dancing class, and sometimes playing at small home dances.

**If your "American Girl" does not come—**  
Won't you write directly to the office of The American Girl, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York? Your Local Director and your Captain are so busy—don't bother them. A post card will do.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Miss Coyle will tell about other ways of making money at home in an early issue.

Clarice Detzer wrote "Kate of the Jungle Cats" in this issue

## Kate of the Jungle Cats

(Continued from page 9)

small, gray man with chalk on his coat lapels.

"In the chemistry wing!" Kate told him. Lot of smoke."

She ran back toward the corridor. Already long lines of students, teachers at their head, were marching quick time toward the exits. The way smelled acrid with smoke clouds. She jerked open the door to the old wing, let it slap shut. The hall was packed with fumes that stung her throat, that blinded her eyes.

At the other end she heard girls screaming. They could not get through! Could not get the stair! She thought of her father. Captain Kenney! Was he coming? This was his district! Was he charging through the streets, yanking his bell rope? Or did he lie on the floor back in the quarters of Truck 59? She'd like to help him! How?

Ventilate . . . locate . . . drown!

She yanked the hall door open. Smoke puffed into her face.

"Ventilate!" she cried to herself. "Ventilate! Open the doors, windows!" She plunged into the choking corridor. She heard girls still screaming at the other end. What good would screaming do? But they were trapped. Somewhere between walls fire was chewing hungrily. She pushed up a window.

The second one stuck when she tried to lift it. Gases blinded her. She jerked again. Stuck! Ventilate! She raised one foot, aimed, kicked. Glass shattered down, inside and out. A sheet of it slid across her ankle. With half-shut eyes, weeping from smoke, she saw the blood on her stocking.

Two windows! Now a third. Next! It flew up. Fresh air beat into her face.

Four windows! Now the door at the other end! But where was the other end? Where had she come from? She ran to the nearest open window. Clean, cool air filled her lungs.

The smoke wasn't so thick when she turned back. Puffing breezes cleared the air. She had helped so far. Had ventilated. Next?

Ventilate . . . locate . . . drown!

Locate? Where was that fire, anyway? Kate staggered across the hall. Her throat smarted mightily with smoke, and her eyes and her head. Opposite her a door led into a short, narrow passage. Storerooms flanked it. She turned the knob.

A bell banged noisily in the street. Kate stopped. Truck 59! She knew that bell anywhere, by its lively, excited voice. Was her father along? No time to stand wondering! She pushed the door. Heat jumped out into her face, a single flicker of firelight played a moment on the floor.

Located!

Back across the corridor she leaned from the window. Students were still marching through the broad front doors downstairs. And drawing up at the curb, dodging the obstreperous traffic of Jennings Street, pulled Ladder Truck 59.

Captain Con Kenney, yanking the bell rope, stood in his seat, shouting at

Dooley, now at Hosey, who twisted the high guiding tiller wheel.

"Father!"

Even in the turmoil the voice of Captain Kenney's daughter shrilled above the sounds of the rackety street.

"Here you are, Truck 59!"

A battalion chief's car skidded up in front of the truck. The same battalion chief who had reprimanded her father, Kate recognized. He ran up the steps, ran down again.

"Looks like it's 'round behind!" he cried to Captain Kenney.

"Father! Up here! Look, father!"

The commander of Truck 59 heard the chief and then his daughter. He turned his back on the chief.

"Do like she says!" he commanded his men. "Draw up under that window. Where the gal is. Little closer! Now extend the ladder!"

Dooley jumped to the platform behind the driver's seat. Hosey twisted the tiller wheel off the rear. Ladderman Court and Captain Kenney released the springs and began to twist a windlass. From its long truck, like a giant jack-in-the-box, the gaunt skeleton of the aerial ladder began to unbend . . . up . . . up . . . up. "A foot higher! Good!" Captain Con Kenney thrust his ax into his belt. His lame leg lifted on the lower rung of the ladder. The battalion chief ran panting around the corner.

A pair of pumping engines, their boxes filled with heavy fabric hose, raced down Jennings Street from two directions. Engine 74 came first, skidding up to a water plug on the corner. Hose whipped off its tailboard. Its crew leaped to the hydrant and back again. They ran, bearing a brass nozzle and the end of the hose.

"Give me that hose line!" cried Captain Kenney to them. "Good . . . come on, men!"

Kate drew her head back into the window. A thin, scared cry had sounded to her right. She could not see, smoke was too thick . . . yet someone was there . . . in the corridor. She went down blindly to her knees, a trick she had learned from her father. Close to the floor there was less smoke always. She could breathe more easily. She hitched forward on her elbows.

"Help! Oh, I'm lost!"

Kate knew that voice. It was little Miss Bird, the assistant principal, a mere wisp of an old frail body.

"Miss Bird! Where? It's Kate, Miss Bird . . . Kate Kenney!"

But Miss Bird did not reply.

Kate stumbled across her. Close to the baseboard, the teacher lay, wilted into a heap. Kate dropped flat beside her and raised one arm across her shoulder. She was heavy, for so little a person. The captain's daughter lifted slightly and crawled. Only ten feet to the laboratory door now . . . no more shouting there. All classes had gone down the fire escape probably. She dragged her burden ahead into the room.

(Continued on next page)



# 87%

of a notable group  
of New York State  
club women say—

"I prefer  
baking powder  
made with  
Cream of  
Tartar!"

. . . . and Royal Baking  
Powder, made with Cream  
of Tartar, is the world's  
standard baking Powder—  
used wherever requirements  
are most fastidious and  
exacting.

Royal contains no alum—  
it leaves no bitter taste!

—She wrote "The Secret Cargo" beginning next month





## Make Your Choice

**W**OULD'N'T you just love to have one? If you haven't a swagger little sports watch, you will surely decide right now that this one, with its attractive little pig-skin strap, must be yours. Or if you've been longing for a more dressy watch, why you just must have it. Both are accurate little timepieces, for they have jewel Swiss movements. The cases of each are rectangular and of twenty-five year gold-filled guarantee. Just a few hours of the pleasantest and easiest kind of work and the watch you want can be yours. The Pin Money Club, a great big delightful Club for girls like you, has made it possible for you to possess it.

"The white gold watch came to me today and I wish you could see how proudly I am wearing it," writes Clara Yount. "It is a beauty! To my 'notion' it is one of the daintiest, prettiest ones I have ever seen, and I want to say thank you from the bottom of my heart. It is one of the nicest gifts I have ever received from the Club."

There is a place for you in our money-making Club—and not only bracelet watches but ever so many more beautiful gifts, also extra dollars, are waiting for you. So do fill in and send this coupon off to me today. You are interested and must learn more about our Club and the good things it has in store for you.

MISS MARGARET CLARKE,  
Secretary, Pin Money Club,  
Department Three,  
The Crowell Publishing Company,  
250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Dear Miss Clarke:

Please tell me about your Club and how I may become a Member.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



*Mary Walls*

*Frocks, Wraps, Hats, Sports Attire*  
For Every Occasion

2 EAST 46TH STREET " " NEW YORK

## Kate of the Jungle Cats

(Continued from page 43)

Empty, except for smoke, and the odor of burning chemicals. But a window opened upon the fire escape. She stood up, drawing Miss Bird after her.

"Here, sir," she screamed to a policeman mounting the iron ladder, "a teacher . . . take care of her!"

She plunged back into the laboratory. There in smoke, her father's voice was howling.

"Somebody's ventilated!" he shouted. "Where's the fire at? Scatter, boys, locate!"

"That door straight ahead!" Kate screamed back at him. "Across from your window . . . straight ahead!"

"Aye! Charge the line! Water! Water! At it, men! Drown it out!"

Tired fire fighters were rolling up their wet hose. Captain Kenney, dragging his lame knee, hobbled back to his truck. His daughter, her face streaked with soot, sat on the running board. Stray tails of smoke still seeped out of the open windows on the second floor of Washington High School. The battalion chief, his white helmet dripping rusty water, crossed the pavement with a notebook in his hand. The principal hurried excitedly to his side.

"Miss Bird says that the Kenney girl carried her out. Hello! Here she is! Miss Kenney . . ."

"You Con Kenney's girl?" the chief asked abruptly.

"The captain's my father."

"Say! Was it you dragged out that school teacher?"

"I helped Miss Bird."

"And say! Was it you kicked out them windows?"

Captain Kenney, leaning over, clapped a dirty hand upon his daughter's shoulder.

"Gal! What did you do first?"

"Turned in the alarm, dad. Why?"

"Then what?"

"Ventilated. Then located."

The battalion chief took off his helmet. "Here's to the smoke-eatin', fire-fightin' Kenneys!" he cried. "Turned in the alarm! Ventilated! Located! And along came the old man and drowned it out, while you were doing a rescue on the side!"

Kate heard his voice as he slapped the old man's back.

"Some gal, Cap! Ought to of been a fireman! A good job you did here, the two of you. Never mind what I said about the doctors, Cap. Your knee's all right yet."

Kate listened confusedly.

"Ventilate!" she whispered to herself.

"Locate . . . and drown! Never mind the doctors!"

And the same Clarice Detzer who wrote this thrilling story has written our next serial—a mystery-adventure story with the daughter of a lighthouse keeper for heroine. Don't miss it—it's coming soon!

Many girls have found a way for "extras" for camp through our Earn-Your-Own Club

## Pamela's Bandit

(Continued from page 16)

negotiations with John Brewster to buy his old tractor "second hand." That suspicious looking creature might even have been lurking outside when Mrs. Jordan put the money in the crock! Maybe he was outside *now*—had seen her change it—Pam put her hand to her mouth to stifle a scream.

Now she wished with all her soul that Uncle Eke would come—come on the eight-ten. To keep her mind from the possibilities of the bandit's coming, she thought desperately of Uncle Eke and the mince pies.

By holding hard to Uncle Eke she rallied sufficiently to finish the dishes and bribe Pete to undress little Cecy and to blow out his own light. Then, after bolting all the doors carefully and drawing the shades, she took up her books and sat down in the rocker over the tractor money.

She looked up at Uncle Eke's picture between the red and blue and yellow pot-pourri jars. It was a most terrible picture from any artistic point of view; some itinerant artist had "colored" the photograph after it had been enlarged, Mrs. Jordan loved to explain, and certainly had done fair justice to the variety of colors in his paint box. The shock of hair was jet black, the cheeks flaming vermilion, the great bushy whiskers bristled from bold strokes of the brush, and the beetling eyebrows that grew in a straight line across the face were the sinister blue of a midnight sky.

The clock struck, and she listened, counting it: "One-two-three"—why, it was eight o'clock! And maybe Uncle Eke would come on the eight-ten! Then she'd make tea and lay out the mince pie and the corned beef—and she'd feel so safe!

And if he *didn't* come on the eight-ten, it would be almost an hour before the nine-fifteen. And the Ohlers' hired boy had seen a suspicious looking man—

Suddenly Pam sat straight, every drop of blood in her body cold in terror. Surely she had heard a step crunch on the gravel outside the kitchen door! Yes, someone was trying the knob, gently. Uncle Eke would knock! She opened her lips to scream, then, in a flash remembering Cecy and Pete, asleep upstairs, she closed them.

No one knocked. And again she heard someone moving, close to the sitting-room window, now. Her muscles stiffened. Certainly someone, *something* was fumbling with the window sash. She had not looked to see if the windows were locked.

Such an interval of quiet followed that in spite of her terror she drew a breath. The prowler had gone away.

Then unmistakably came the sound of a window slipping up in the parlor. Pam felt a little rush of night air against the back of her neck. And she knew, though her eyes were glued to the picture over the blue and yellow and red jars, and the parlor door was behind her, that a man stood in the frame of the doorway.

"Why, good evenin', Miss."

The old nausea, that sickening faintness that she knew so well, that had over-

powered her more than once in play and tramp, welled up in her. But something else welled, too, from an unplumbed fountain-head—an astonishing courage.

But the big man who filled the doorway wore a stubble of rust-colored beard and had bushy eyebrows that hung over his small eyes like a thatch!

"Oh!" Pam quivered from head to foot. "You're Uncle Eke! You've come!"

The man advanced into the room.

"We expected you," she began, breathless in her immense relief, too anxious to mollify Uncle Eke to make herself explicit. "At least Mrs. Jordan did—"

"She did, eh? Nice way to expect a fellow—lock all the doors. But I figured you can 'most always find a parlor window that'll give—specially in a ramshackle house like this!"

Pam thought of Meg's dream of the bungalow in the town and answered in a tone laughably like her mother's. "It is a ramshackle house, but Mrs. Jordan's done well to keep the roof over her head. She's had a terrible time since Mr. Jordan died—with only hiring a man now and then—"

"So there ain't no men folks 'round?"

"Oh, no. Only Pete—and he's not much more than a baby—turned six. That's why I'm here. I'm Pamela Sykes, Meg's best friend. Mrs. Jordan told me to give you some supper. It won't take a minute. The kettle's boiling and I'll make some tea." Pam flew into the kitchen.

With quick fingers she measured the tea from the tea canister, spread a place at the table, took the platter of meat from the cupboard, sliced the fresh bread, set the juicy mince pie in a position of honor. The kitchen looked really cosy. When the guest appeared at the door she waved him gaily to a chair.

"There—everything's ready." Suddenly she decided it would be more sociable if she ate, too.

"Oh, they'll be so glad you've come. They've looked for you for years and years. You see I know Meg so well that I've heard them talk. And I'm glad you've come—" she laughed, a shaky, ashamed little laugh. "You see, I was awfully afraid you might be the bandit."

"The—what?"

"The bandit—the one who broke into Thompson's store—six weeks ago." Pam recounted the familiar details of that happening. "The boy who works on Ohlers' farm said he saw a dreadful looking man hanging around Newton's. And there was the tractor money that Mrs. Jordan had been saving and kept in that blue crock, but she came back to change it because she thought the—bandit might look there first. She put it under the cushion of that chair I was sitting in and told me to sit on it. So you can see how glad I am that you are Uncle and *not* the bandit—even if you did frighten me terribly by coming in through the window. Why didn't you knock? Or didn't you think anyone was home?"

Uncle Eke did not answer. He was leveling his black brows at Pam.

(Continued on next page)

## That healthy HUNGER

When you've been working hard—or playing hard—suddenly you're hungry—

It's a healthy sign—that hunger. But it means you are using up energy that must be replaced.

Drink a glass of *Borden's Malted Milk* to satisfy that between-meals hunger. It's a wonderful drink—rich in food value and energy, yet so light and easily digested that it doesn't spoil your appetite for regular meals. Just the thing to pep you up—and how delicious it is!—steaming hot or icy cold.

You can get Borden's Malted Milk in packages (plain or chocolate flavored) and mix it up at home—or else order it right at the fountain.

### And remember, too

Borden's Eagle Brand—the sweetened milk that thousands of girls and boys take regularly to build up their weight and strength.

Borden's Evaporated Milk—for all kinds of good cooking at home or on hiking and camping trips. Makes wonderful candy.

If you want the best milk for any use, ask for Borden's.

**The BORDEN COMPANY**  
Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

**Cash's Names**  
Woven on Fine Cambric Tape  
They save laundry losses at home, school, traveling.  
A Mark of Individuality  
J. & J. Cash, Inc.  
34th Street  
So. Norwalk, Conn.

12 Doz. \$3.95  
6 Doz. \$2.25  
3 Doz. \$1.15

**Art Corner Your Pictures—Album**  
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.  
Engel  
5 Styles 5 Colors  
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only lasting, easy, artistic, no waste, no fuss way to mount Kodak Prints. A dozen brings 150 and samples in try write  
ENGEL MFG. CO.  
101 Buys 100 Dept. 4C 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

Coming—a girl who thought the world was made for smiles

## Pamela's Bandit

(Continued from page 45)

"What if I *had* been the—bandit, young lady? What would you have done?"

"Why I—I would—have—sat on the money—until—he killed me!"

The man laughed shortly. "That wouldn't be long—a little thing like you."

"I'm glad I thought, just for a moment, that you *were* a burglar. You see I've always been a dreadful coward about little things and I thought I'd be a coward about big things—but—that minute that you came in, something inside of me felt brave. It was a *grand* feeling. So I shall not be ashamed after this. But your're *not* the bandit and Mrs. Jordan's mince pie is simply scrumptious. Aren't you ready for some?"

But the man did not want any mince pie. He pushed his chair back from the table and stood up and over Pam.

"No, thanks, I don't want your mince pie. I didn't come here for that. My girl, I came here for that money. I knew all about it—even that it was there in that crock. I'm *not* your Uncle Eke."

Pam rose, too, so quickly and unsteadily that her chair tumbled over.

The man moved first. It was toward the sitting-room door. And his step galvanized the girl into lightning action. She sprang around the table, ducked past him, reached the door before he did and slammed it shut. Then she faced him, her face deadly pale, her eyes wide.

"You—you—*sha'n't*—go in—there."

The man drew back.

"Come, come, Miss." He held out his hands, great strong hands, with thick stubby fingers. "I could lift you with one finger."

Suddenly Pam heard the clock strike. It was quarter after nine—if Uncle Eke, the *real* Uncle Eke, hired the town taxi he'd be at the farm any minute. If she only could keep this fellow talking!

"Yes, you could lift me—but you won't. You wouldn't hurt a girl—my size. *Anyone* my size. And I'm not afraid of you. I'm *not* afraid of you—"

The man appeared to be enjoying her defiance. He chuckled. Pam shivered, then a great wrath flamed in her.

"You're—you're—a *sneak* to come here to steal—and then—*eat*—and pretend you're Uncle Eke! I should think even a bandit would be ashamed of that."

"Come now, those are pretty words, little Missy. But I guess maybe you don't mean them—"

At that Pam's chin went out. "I do mean them." She closed her eyes. He'd probably strike her now. Oh, it would hurt horribly. She sickened and pressed hard against the door. She felt him move toward her but she did not flinch or weaken.

But at that moment they both heard a step outside followed by a quick rap. "Pam! Let me in. Pam!" It was Mrs. Jordan's voice.

Pam opened her lips to cry a warning but before she could make a sound or move the man had crossed to the door and unbolted it. Then he stepped back into the shadow and Mrs. Jordan rushed in, flushed, excited.

"Goodness, Pam, did I scare the wits out of you? I slipped away at the end of the first act—I got to worrying so about Uncle Eke." Then she saw the man in the shadow.

"Why Ezekiel Zander, as I live!" And running to him she threw her arms about the uncouth figure.

Pamela stared, stunned. She felt limp, foolish. She wanted to cry; tears smarted her eyelids. Uncle Eke was moving toward her, through the thumping in her ears she heard his booming voice telling Mrs. Jordan how he'd "fooled her." "Spunky little piece," he said,

And Mrs. Jordan laughed shrilly and cried: "If that isn't *just* the kind of a thing you'd do, Ezekiel Zander."

They sat down, the three of them, at the table and Ezekiel Zander cut into the mince pie and put a huge piece on Pam's plate and she took a mouthful into her dry mouth and tried to swallow it—all without saying one word. And Mrs. Jordan gabbled on about the play and looking for Uncle Eke for sixteen years and how he'd find Pete was a ringer for him—and still Pam made no sound. And when Mrs. Jordan rushed off to hunt out sheets for the spare room bed the girl shrank against her chair with a greater fear than had assailed her yet.

Uncle Eke may have divined it. He held out his rough hand and put it on her shoulder.

"Guess I was a little rough with ye. I wanted to see what you was made of—you said you were scared of little things. Girl, I've seen many a fellow who went yaller as mustard when it come to a nasty stretch of the trail hangin' over a drop down a thousand feet or so, but who'd stand up to anything when it was defendin' his woman or his location. Nerve's one thing and courage's 'nother. You can show off nerve any day o' the week, but courage's somethin' you carry down inside of you where no one's goin' to know you've got it except yourself and God. And you got it, girl—don't you forget that!"

As though Pamela ever would! The memory of the man's words she would wear forever on her sleeve, an invisible merit badge.

But anger, overwhelming anger, now surged over her. So *this* was what Uncle Eke thought was a joke, *this* was what he called trying a girl out! Hot words burned on her tongue. She would tell him exactly what she thought of him and—then she remembered. This was Meg's Uncle Eke. Perhaps he had really brought the money for the bungalow, even for the Ford.

Pamela drew herself up with simple dignity. "I must go now," she said. "But I hope you enjoy your visit, Mr.—Uncle Eke."



Be Sure to  
Ask for  
**WRIGLEY'S**  
NEW  
HANDY PACK  
**P.K.**  
CHEWING  
SWEET

G21

More for your money, in delicious PEPPERMINT flavor, sugar coated gum. More benefit, more pleasure, more refreshment, more aid to teeth, appetite and digestion.

**3 PACKS FOR 5c**

Your vacation money—begin earning it now through the Earn-Your-Own Club



## Becky Traps Big Game

(Continued from page 21)

De Quindre looked down at her again searchingly, as he limped or hopped along, very slowly.

He did not speak again until they reached the cabin. Becky lighted the candle she had brought, and made a fire. She spread her furs on the floor by the fire and told him to rest while she cooked the meal.

The food she offered him tasted very good to the weakened and hungry man. But hunger was not the only reason why De Quindre spoke little during the meal. His mind was absorbed by the miracle of Becky Landers. His glittering, piercing gaze rarely left her face. An hour later, as under the glow of her candle, he patched his snowshoe which had been broken by his fall, he said:

"Yet you do not shoot me."

"No. I'd feel ashamed to." Presently she said, "Do you know the redskins that came here from Kaskaskia—and stole my brother, Rodney?"

"When was that?" he demanded with keen interest. She told him about the raid and why she believed her brother was still alive. "Somehow—I don't even guess how, yet—I'm going there to look for him. Because losing Rod is just killing Mother," she said. But she did not mention Clark and his expedition.

De Quindre was silent for a few moments, then he said, "This is wild talk, Mademoiselle. You could not go to Kaskaskia. It would be impossible for you to remain alive on such a journey. Perhaps, instead, I can help you. I have much gratitude to express."

"If you feel that way," she answered bluntly, "you should stay out of Kentucky with your Indians, and not fight against us any more."

He shrugged his shoulders. Mademoiselle, I am a soldier. I do not expect you to understand. But your brother—that is another matter altogether. There, it may be that I can serve you."

"Do you mean it?" she gasped, the tears starting.

"On my word of honor, Mademoiselle."

In silence, he watched the tears flow which, for a while, she was unable to check. When she had recovered herself, he said: "Never before today, Mademoiselle, have I seen mercy in the wilderness. I am deeply puzzled by it."

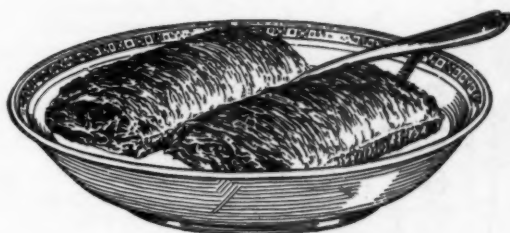
In the early morning, Becky went out to the pit and brought in De Quindre's rifle and knife. Then she dragged the carcass of the wolf to the cabin.

He stood in the doorway, with his injured limb lifted from the floor, and watched her as she set off, her pack of furs on her back, her rifle over her shoulder. He watched till he could see her no more. Then taking up his knife, he began to skin the wolf.

"Little brother of the forest," he muttered, with his quizzical smile, "something strange has been here—strange and, to us, very dangerous! Something which can kill the wolf that is in a man, perhaps, as easily as it killed the wolf that was inside your pelt."

## Growing Girls Need Bran

Bran is a "roughage." Your body needs roughage to sweep your system clean from poisons and indigestible parts of certain foods.



## Shredded Wheat

contains BRAN as well as all the Proteins, Carbohydrates, Salts and Vitamins that your system demands. Athletic girls need SHREDDED WHEAT to give them extra pep and energy. Studious girls need SHREDDED WHEAT to keep their system in order and to counteract the poisonous effects of certain heavy foods. Every growing girl who wants bright eyes, a clear complexion and the personality that can only come from abounding health and energy should eat SHREDDED WHEAT at least once a day.

TRY IT A WEEK AND SEE

## HOOT MON!



Raise funds for your Girl Scout Troop, Christian Endeavor, Sunday School, High School or Church Societies, selling delicious Scotmints. Six flavors, Peppermint, Yeast, Wintergreen, Clove, Cinnamon and Licorice. Sell for 5c. Everybody has a nickel and everybody likes Scotmints.

### NO CAPITAL REQUIRED

We extend 30 days' credit, ship any quantity and any assortment of flavors, by express or parcel post prepaid.

	For 320	For 500	For 1,000
	Pkgs	Pkgs	Pkgs
Sells for .....	\$18.00	\$25.00	\$50.00
Costs your troop .....	9.00	13.50	26.00
<b>YOUR PROFIT .....</b>	<b>\$ 7.00</b>	<b>\$11.50</b>	<b>\$24.00</b>

SCOTMINTS CO., Inc. G.S.-5 Jersey City, N. J.

Clip or Copy and Mail NOW  
Help Your Captain

SCOTMINTS CO., INC.  
Desk G.S.-5, Jersey City, N.J.  
**HELP YOUR CAPTAIN**

Send.....packages of Scotmints (express charges prepaid):

....Peppermint ....Licorice  
....Yeast ....Cinnamon  
....Wintergreen ....Clove

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Troop .....

Captain .....

Reference .....

"Becky Turns Witch Doctor"—another Becky Landers story next month



### Play Real Music in 10 Minutes on the HOHNER HARMONICA

SEE how easy it is! Take your instruction book—you can obtain one for the asking—read the simple directions and look at the pictures. Then

take your Harmonica, hold it as shown, place it to the mouth and blow—draw, blow—draw. In ten minutes you will have mastered the scale—and “when you can play the scale you can play all!”

If you want to enjoy the satisfaction and popularity that comes to those who play the harmonica, get a Hohner today—50c up at all dealers—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 188, 114 East 16th St., N. Y.



## Ingersoll

### WRIST RADIOLITE

\$4.50 New Model



Without Radiolite Feature \$4.00

Illustrations can't do justice to the new tonneau-shape Ingersoll Wrist Watch. They can't show the real character of the design, nor how the watch and strap shape themselves to lie flat on the wrist. Will stand the bumps of outdoor use better than higher priced, delicate watches. Tells time in the dark.

Lies Flat on Wrist



No Strap Beneath

## PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room. Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills. How to Stage a Play. Make-up. Catalogue FREE. F. S. DENISON & CO., 632 So. Wabash, Dept. 97 CHICAGO

# The River Acres Riddle

(Continued from page 36)

“Humph!” said Grandpa, returning to his paper in disgust. He had no patience with riddles and puzzles, and could not understand how the girls could waste so much time over them.

“Ten feet W” murmured Dorita, returning to her problem. “Now, what could that ‘W’ stand for?”

And with the cross-word puzzle training still prominent in her thoughts, Mariette further remarked:

“Since we think the thing is a direction, why couldn’t the ‘W’ stand for ‘West’?”

It was then that Dorita went quite wild. “Come out to the kitchen, Mariette,” she whispered. “I simply can’t stand it in here! I’ve got to talk this thing over with you in peace where Grandpa won’t hear.”

They migrated to the kitchen with the excuse of getting some fruit to eat before going to bed and took their problem with them.

“Just see what we’ve made out so far,” she mumbled, munching an apple as she talked. “Something is evidently third W T from B, ten feet west, and the person that says so is ‘D. H.’”

“Doesn’t sound very enlightening, as you repeat it!” remarked Mariette, making inroads on another apple. “But at least it’s a lot more than we knew a while ago.”

They discussed it, back and forth, for a long while, but after digesting these new ideas, they found themselves just as much in the dark as ever. Finally they grew chilly, standing around the kitchen, for the fire in the range had gone out.

“Brrr!” shivered Mariette. “I’m going back to the living-room and get warm again. There’s no point in staying out here.” And they both sauntered back to the blaze on the living-room hearth. Grandpa Allen had finished his papers, all but one, and this one he was dozing over as he held it in his hand. Dorita resumed her seat and her silent mulling over her riddle. Mariette threw another log or two on the fire and took up a few of the daily papers and began to glance through them.

“I don’t see how you can spend so much time over the papers,” Dorita remarked casually. “They don’t interest me the slightest bit, especially the ones Grandpa takes that never have any cross-word puzzles or jokes in them. What do you find that interests you, anyway?”

Mariette glanced over at her sister with a peculiar expression. “Sometimes you get the surprise of your life in them!” she remarked cryptically.

Dorita looked her surprise. “What do you mean?” she demanded.

“Nothing,” answered Mariette and went on with her reading. Presently she leaned over and quietly removed the last paper from Grandpa Allen’s lax fingers as he dozed with it on his knee. He opened his eyes vaguely for an instant but closed them again immediately. Intense quiet reigned for ten minutes. Then, all unexpectedly, Mariette suddenly

jumped up and confronted her sister, waving the paper wildly in Dorita’s face.

“Come!” she hissed under her breath. “Come out of here this minute! Come to my room—anywhere—where we can talk without being heard. Come this instant!”

“Whatever is the matter with you?” demanded the astonished Dorita.

“Never mind!—come with me! I’ve got it! I tell you I’ve got it at last!”

Has Mariette really hit upon the clue that will solve the mystery? And what could her grandfather’s paper possibly have to do with it? One can scarcely imagine, and yet Dick and Mariette and Dorita all act promptly and—yes!—next month actually will untangle for you this strange knot of events and bring a most unexpected ending to it all.

## So Far in This Mystery Story

A paper on which a strange code—3d W T from B 10fW D H—is written is found on the fence post of their lonely farm by Dorita and Mariette, two sisters, sixteen and seventeen, who live there with their grandfather. Consulting, they decide it must have been left by someone in the car whose lights awakened Dorita the night before. And because it is all so mysterious and because the code must have been left for someone, they remove the paper and sit up to watch that night. In the middle of the night, they are rewarded by the sight of two men who search the ground near the fence post and who slink furtively off into the bushes. Dorita and Mariette resolve to solve the mystery.

The next day they learn that a strange man in a wrecked car has been taken delirious to a farm some distance away—the Abercrombies’. And they admit into their secret Dick Haydon, their good friend. Energetic Dick goes to the wrecked car and discovers that the tread of the tires is the same as that which left tracks in the mud by the fence post. Perhaps the injured man left the code! Dick next obtains admittance to the sick room of Eric Leydorf, the injured stranger who, as a boy, had lived in the neighborhood. The sick man shouts in his delirium, “Come after me in twenty-four hours,” and, “It’s the third, the third, the third!” Dick at once links these words with the code writing, passing on his information to the girls.

Dorita and Mariette know that they must now watch another night. And they distinctly hear men searching in the shallow waters of the river. But when they turn their flashlight in that direction, the prowlers have disappeared. More mystery! Next day, they learn that two strangers have been inquiring in the village for Eric Leydorf, the injured man. All hope of learning anything from Mr. Leydorf, however, vanishes when Dick comes to tell them that the invalid has been spirited away.

What next?

Coming—“The Batik Scarf,” by Inez Haynes Irwin

## Phoebe's Baby Garden

(Continued from page 28)

weren't out too long. Why, Phoebe!"

"Goodness, what is it, Mother?" asked Phoebe, startled.

"Your father needs the sedan too much in his work for him to loan it to you every day, but I think he could arrange to let you have it on rainy afternoons."

"But how could I drive and hold three—four—five babies?"

"Baskets, Phe," planned Mrs. Darling excitedly. "You know the market basket we put Lizbeth Ann in last summer when we went driving? You could put three on a seat, two on the floor and Bess could carry one."

"It seems too easy!" declared Phoebe. "I'm sure there's something wrong with this plan or somebody else would have tried it."

Whether because of its wildness, or the character of her suburb, Phoebe's plan began to succeed at once. The following Monday afternoon Phoebe found herself with five babies on her hands. Day by day new babies appeared, until at the end of the next week she had ten. These increased to thirteen and there stopped.

On rainy afternoons Phoebe and Bess, who had promptly accepted the assistantship, longed for six arms apiece.

During the third week in June Mrs. Darling and a neighbor substituted for the girls while the latter took their examinations in a neighboring city. Phoebe, like the rest of the "college preps," had professed to be "scared to death" of her "comprehensives," but when the time came she was so much interested in the other girls taking the exams with her that she was not in the least excited as she faced her first paper. Reading the questions over, she almost exclaimed aloud with delight. Why, this was just what she had studied in school!

With examinations and graduation over, Phoebe and Bess settled down to their summer's work. Each afternoon a long canvas was stretched on the ground under the trees in the orchard. On it were grouped the market baskets in which the babies were carried to and fro on rainy days and in which they were placed for easy handling each afternoon.

As the summer advanced, Phoebe's Baby Garden became one of the "sights" of the town. Every mother brought every guest. Cameras clicked frequently. In fact, Phoebe's was always in readiness to catch an irresistible pose.

When, in August, the Darling family went, as usual, to Grandfather Darling's farm, Mr. Darling urged that Phoebe close her Baby Garden and take the month's vacation in preparation for the year of earning that lay ahead of her.

"But I may not be earning and saving next year. I may be in college," objected Phoebe.

"Can't you give up that hope, my dear, when it's so utterly impossible?"

"That's true, Father, but I'm going to stick at it just the same and earn all I can. Something might happen. Besides, I don't need a vacation. I'm outdoors nearly all day."

(Continued on next page)

## Sunbeam Pure Foods

WHEN you would be sure of having the best insist upon getting **SUNBEAM** foods: they are **ABSOLUTELY PURE—WHOLESAME—NOURISHING.**

In hotels, restaurants or other public eating places where food standards are high and in the homes of discriminating people **SUNBEAM FOODS** are always found.

## Austin, Nichols & Co.

(INCORPORATED)  
NEW YORK - CHICAGO

## Baco BATIK Dyes

Packed in 2-ounce tins—Shipped Parcel Post. A wide assortment of highly concentrated colors covering every requirement. Used generally by artists and commercial houses. Write for list with prices.

**BACHMEIER & COMPANY**

Inc.

438 West 37th St., New York City

Department 10

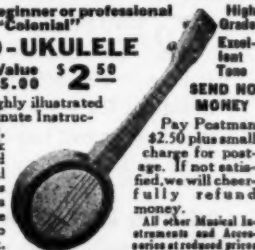
## Easy To Learn In 5 Minutes

Good for beginner or professional "Colonial"

**BANJO-UKULELE**

Unusual Value \$2.50  
Worth \$5.00

**FREE** 1 highly illustrated 5 minute instruction Book, only book published with actual illustrations of fingers playing the cords; also 1 Felt Pick.



High Grade  
Excellent  
Tone  
**SEND NO MONEY**

Pay Postman \$2.50 plus small charge for postage. If not satisfied, we will cheerfully refund money.

All other Musical Instruments and Accessories at reduced prices.  
**COLONIAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.**  
Dept. 5 240 Fourth Ave., New York.

## WARWICK CASTLE NEEDLES

*A Dignified Way to Raise Money*

These needles will sell because of their excellent quality and attractive wrappers.

**ORDER THROUGH YOUR CAPTAIN**

**CAPTAINS:** Here is a dignified way of raising money. Your girls all have their own circle of friends and relations who will gladly buy good standard needles—and then reorder. Every wide-awake girl can easily sell at least twenty packets.

**WARWICK CASTLE** needles are made of the finest English steel. They are put up in attractive sea-green folders which will grace any work-basket. Each packet contains 25 needles. There are two assortments, 5 to 10 and 3 to 9.

**ASK ABOUT EMBROIDERY NEEDLES**

**TO ORDER:** Send in your order and we will ship the needles to you. We give you 30 days to pay, but allow you 2% for cash. Postage prepaid. Sell for 10c—Earn 5c—100% Profit.

**Julius Berbecker & Sons, Inc., 15 East 26th St., New York**



**PROFIT:** Each packet sells for 10 cents—we charge you five cents, which is 100 per cent profit. Your Troop can easily dispose of 360 packets and earn \$21.00.

Order 120 packets costing \$6.00 and earn \$6.00  
" 240 " " 11.00 " 13.00  
" 360 " " 15.00 " 21.00

Patronize our advertisers—they help us





## CAMPING

**W**OMEN, our mothers and grown sisters, have known the fine quality of VENUS Sanitary Apparel for years, but it is only recently that VENUS garments have been especially designed for girls—the outdoor girl and the girl in camp. And it is even more important in camp than at home that one should have at hand every means of assuring one's comfort.

VENUS khaki color silk Sanitary Bloomers and elastic Sanitary Belts match khaki colored camp clothes. VENUS Compressed Sanitary Napkins are made of finest surgical cotton in softly knitted seamless covers compressed into tiny individual boxes that slip into the pocket or kit bag. Sold in department stores. Ask to see the demonstrator package.



### GIRLS!

Have Your Own  
PERSONAL STATIONERY

100 letterheads \$2 post  
100 plain second sheets paid  
100 envelopes

Sheets are BAB-RELIEF ENGRAVED in top center with name and address in 3 lines. Envelopes to match with name and address on flap. Paper is high-grade 20-lb. Bond. Beautiful dark blue Gothic type. Send \$2 with name and address plainly written.

BLUE QUILL STATIONERY CO.,  
42 Batterymarch Street  
Boston, Mass.

CAPTAINS: Your Troops can earn money easily soliciting orders for stationery. Write for liberal commission proposition.

### MIDGET NAME CARDS

Trade Mark. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 3/4" x 1/4", in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents Wanted.

MIDGET CARD SHOP  
Harrisburg, Pa.

36 South 2nd St.

## Thank you, Artists!

The National Standards Committee wishes to thank the Girl Scouts who submitted designs for the new Archery Merit Badge. Will you not consider this a personal "Thank-you," since so many designs came in that the Committee has been unable to write letters?

H. F.

## Phoebe's Baby Garden

(Continued from page 49)

The talk with her father made Phoebe rack her brains harder than ever for some means to increase her college fund. But there seemed to be no other "need" in her town that summer for her to supply. It was Bess, indeed, who made the suggestion which added fifty dollars to the bank account. As the two girls were looking over Phoebe's snapshots of the babies Bess cried, "Why don't you write about the Baby Garden and illustrate the story with these?"

So Phoebe wrote an article about the Baby Garden and illustrated it with a page of babies, a row of six sitting in baskets staring solemnly, the same six smiling beatifically at something outside the picture, a baby scrutinizing a butterfly, two babies discovering each other, with more poses equally adorable. Promptly came back a check for twenty-five dollars for the article and twenty for the pictures.

Phoebe went for her bank-book: "I haven't dared to add it up," she confessed, "because it seemed to climb so slowly when I needed so much. June thirteenth I know I had sixty-four dollars and fifty cents. The last two weeks in June we had thirteen babies at three dollars apiece a week. That gave me thirty-one a week for the bank. It makes me feel terribly mean to get thirty-one a week and pay you only eight when you do half the work."

"But it's your plan, your orchard, and your automobile," protested Bess, "and besides, eight a week for afternoons is perfectly good pay."

"July hasn't been as profitable," went on Phoebe, "because some of the babies went on vacations with their parents. We've averaged only ten babies—that makes twenty-two a week for my account."

She added rapidly. "Two hundred and thirty-six dollars and fifty cents so far—at the beginning of August—from my Baby Garden and fifty for the article. Two hundred and eighty-six dollars and fifty cents."

In September all the babies will be back home again. I can count on an average of—say twenty-five—for those seven weeks."

Phoebe did a swift addition.

"Four hundred and sixty-one dollars and fifty cents," she announced. "One hundred and fifty dollars short."

Phoebe pondered. "What am I going to do, Bess, to get the one hundred and fifty dollars? There's a way out of everything, if you can only find it!"

"Why don't you sleep on the problem, Phe? I heard of somebody that solved her algebra that way."

The morning mail brought the girls a number of letters, including one for each with the college address in the corner.

Bess opened hers first.

"They want to know," she announced soberly, "whether I'm still planning to room with you. If not, I'll have to make other arrangements."

(Concluded on page 55)

Do you want extra spending money? Join our "Earn-Your-Own" Club



TOTO, New 1926

## Katharine Adams' Books

The girls and boys and older people in Katharine Adams' books are as real as the people next door. She makes far away places seem very real, too, because she has lived so long abroad. There is mystery, adventure and interesting character development in every story.



Mehitable, in THE SILVER TARN

**TOTO and the GIFT.** Illustrated by Eric Pape - - - - - \$2.00  
From Rheims, France, to Sixth Avenue, New York City, with an unusual French girl.

**MEHITABLE.** Illustrated by J. Henry - - - - - \$1.75  
A New England girl goes to school abroad. Katharine Adams' first book.

**THE SILVER TARN.** Illustrated by A. C. Williamson - - - - - \$2.00  
More about Mehitable in England and Scotland.

**MIDSUMMER.** Illustrated by E. Caswell - - - - - \$1.75  
Mystery and adventure in Sweden.

**WISP: A Girl in Dublin.** Illustrated by Jay Van Everen - - - - - \$2.00  
The friendship between a group of American and English children and a child of the slums.

**RED CAPS and LILIES.** Illustrated by Jay Van Everen - - - - - \$2.00  
A romance of the French Revolution; how it touched a large family of French children.



MEHITABLE of Cherryville, Vt., and Paris

Send for complete catalog of  
good books for summer read-  
ing: information, adventure,  
historical fiction, stories of  
modern girls, travel, poetry.

At all bookstores

**THE  
MACMILLAN  
COMPANY**

New York Chicago Boston  
Dallas Atlanta  
San Francisco

American and Swedish boys and girls  
in MIDSUMMER

*We have no more loyal friends than our advertisers—patronize them*

# USE BYLUND BROTHERS' PLAN To Make Money for Your Troop

SELL THE FAMOUS PETER'S, NESTLE'S, MASON'S and REPETTI'S  
5c CANDY BARS



Peter's Milk Chocolate Bars filled with big toasted almonds. They are delicious.



Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars filled with big toasted almonds. Made for those who like milky chocolate.



Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars are made with full cream milk. Many people prefer a milky chocolate and Nestle's has won the favor of these people from the start.



Repetti's Caramels packed in a clip, and wrapped in a special transparent paper.



Mason Mints are made with an icy cream center covered with chocolate. There is no mint to equal it on the market.

A 50 Box Order Will Net You \$20.00 For Your Troop Fund

**No Money in Advance—Pay Us in 30 Days**

Everybody buys candy. Friends and acquaintances of your Girl Scouts would rather buy from them than from a store, for their candy will be fresh from the factory. Your members can get this trade merely by asking for it—and in this way you can build up a business that will bring in considerable money for your troop.

The many advantages we offer should particularly appeal to all troops who want to make money for their cause. First—selling candy by the Girl Scouts is dignified. Second—our candy bars are well known for quality and goodness. Third—we guarantee all candy shipped, and fourth—the profit is large.

The order blank below gives the list of 5c and 10c sellers. Mark carefully the assortment you desire and mail order (without any money) to us today. The sooner you get started the quicker you will be making money. If there is any question you would like to ask before ordering, write us and we will give you our personal attention.

## THREE ASSORTMENTS TO CHOOSE FROM

	No. 1 50 boxes	No. 2 25 boxes	No. 3—12 boxes Trial Order
Selling price (\$1.20 per box).	\$60.00	\$30.00	\$14.40
Cost to you (Ex. Pd.) 80c per box	40.00	20.00	10.00
Your profit	\$20.00	\$10.00	\$4.40

The 5c sellers are packed 24 in a box. The 10c sellers are packed 12 in a box. The 1c sellers 120 in a box.

**BYLUND BROS., Inc.,** Confectioners to Churches, Schools and Societies **Woolworth Bldg., N. Y. C.**

## ORDER BLANK

Bylund Bros., Inc., Woolworth Bldg., New York City.  
Gentlemen:

Please send to us, express paid, the assortment that we have marked below. We agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival. We understand that candy can be returned at your expense if not satisfactory.

Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.

Mason Peaks—Fresh Coconut and Chocolate.  
Mason Mints—Cream Patties and Chocolates.  
Mason Nougat—Almond, Nougat and Chocolate.  
Mason Golden Fleece—Caramel, Coconut, Peanuts.  
Mason Toros—Peanut Cluster and Chocolate.  
Mason Wints—Wintergreen Pattie and Chocolate.  
Mason Malobar—Marshmallow, Nuts and Chocolate.  
Mason Cream Bars—Vanilla, Raspberry, Orange.  
Repetti Cream Caramels—Assorted, 6 in a clip.  
Repetti Rambler—Peanut, Caramel and Chocolate.  
Repetti Peanut Brittle—Chocolate Covered.  
Repetti Marshmallow Caramel.  
Kerr's Butter Scotch—Old Fashioned Flavor.  
Taylor's Butter Roast—Peanut and Butter.

Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.

Chocolate Molasses Sponge Bars.  
Sportsman Bracers—Bitter Sweet Chocolates.  
Milk Chocolate Peanut Bar (Peg Leg)  
Peter's Almond Bars—Toasted Almonds and Chocolate.  
Peter's Milk Chocolate Bars.  
Peter's Croquettes—5 Wafers packed in Bundle.  
Nestle's Almond Bar—Toasted Almonds and Milk Chocolate.  
Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars.  
Nestle's Milk Chocolate (Squares in Glassine Paper Bags).  
Nestle's Almond (Squares in Glassine Paper Bags).

References—

Name—1 ..... Address .....  
Name—2 ..... Address .....  
Name of Troop Captain .....  
Address ..... City ..... State .....

*When writing to our advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"*

## Special Service for Western Troops

In order to serve our Western friends more promptly we are now carrying a complete stock at Bylund Bros., Inc., 509 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois.

It is necessary, however, to send all orders direct to our New York Office.

From here we will send your order to Chicago by Air Mail, assuring shipment within three days after you send in your order.

Those who have never used our plan should start at once. You need not hesitate, because hundreds of troops have proved that our plan is the best to raise funds.



## Giving Mother a Real Day Off

(Continued from page 30)

in each menu, and also some suggestions for carrying out the entire supper.

### Tunafish-celery Salad

- 1 lb. can tunafish
- 2 hard cooked eggs diced
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon celery salt
- 1 cup diced celery or cucumber pulp
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt
- $\frac{3}{8}$  cup mayonnaise salad dressing

Pick fish and separate with fork. Combine with all other ingredients, being careful not to mash or make shapeless. Arrange on platter or shallow serving dish and garnish with olives and pimento.

### Raspberry Sponge

- 2 cups boiling raspberry juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 3 level tablespoons granulated gelatin
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 cups stiffly whipped cream

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes; add boiling fruit juice, sugar, and lemon juice, and set in cold place until partly set. Now beat with shoe whisk until frothy, then add the whipped cream. Continue beating until mixture will hold its shape. Pile high in fancy glass and garnish with real ripe cherries or candied fruit. (Other berry juice may be used, or 1 cup grapejuice and 1 cup water.)

### Tomato-cheese Tidbits

- 8 slices thick bread
- 8 narrow, thin strips bacon
- 8 medium slices ripe tomato
- 8 medium large slices American loaf cheese
- Mustard salad dressing

Trim crusts of bread and toast to a golden brown on one side only. On the untoasted side lay slice of cheese, spreading thickly with mustard dressing; then lay on tomato, and on top of all lay the bacon strip. Arrange tidbits on broiler and place to grill about 6 minutes, or until the cheese is melted and bacon crisp. Serve and eat at once.

### Angel Dessert

- 6 pieces angel or sponge cake
- 6 marshmallows
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 6 halves canned peaches
- 6 strawberries
- 5 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Arrange one slice of cake on each small serving plate and place peach half on top. Cut marshmallows in quarters and mix with cream, sugar, and vanilla. Pile some of this mixture on top of each peach, and place a strawberry on top. Serve at once.

### Frankforts with Noodles

- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound fine noodles (or macaroni)
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 cups (1 lb. can) tomatoes

### 4-6 "hot dogs"

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- 3 teaspoons mustard salad dressing
- 4 tablespoons butter or bacon drippings
- 2 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper
- 1 stalk diced celery (if you have it)

Cook noodles in rapidly boiling, salted water until tender but not mushy. Skin the frankforts with a sharp knife. Fry onions in butter and lay in frankforts, and brown evenly on both sides (hot skillet); remove frankforts, and to the remaining fat, add the flour and stir to a paste. Add the tomatoes, salt, pepper, and parsley; let boil till thick and smooth. Use a medium platter and on it lay the drained noodles; then the frankforts in a row, and then pour over them the sauce into which at the last moment you have stirred the mustard dressing. Serve hot with a spray of parsley.

### Cherry Snow Pudding

This is made with quick, cherry-flavored gelatin, into which 2 whipped whites of eggs are beaten after the jelly has begun to get stiff.

In Menu Four you may use canned bouillon or tomato soup and add 1 level tablespoon of gelatin dissolved in cold water, then in the hot soup, to every 1 lb. can. Set aside to cool, then break with a fork and offer in cup with crackers. Use any potato salad, but add diced cucumbers and hard eggs to it.

### Deviled Sandwiches

- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 20 buttered slices white bread
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.
- 2 tablespoons catsup and the following all chopped quite fine:
- 4 hard cooked eggs
- 2 tablespoons nutmeats
- 2 tablespoons olives
- 1 tablespoon onions

Mix all ingredients and spread on the bread, laid in pairs. Press together and cut in halves crosswise.

### College Sandwiches

- Buttered graham bread
- 2 tablespoons cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream cheese
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice and the following all finely chopped:
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup seeded dates
- 2 tablespoons pimento
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup nutmeats

Mix all ingredients and spread on bread. Press together and slice into thin "fingers."

The salad in menu six is served in a box made of 4 square soda crackers tied with narrow ribbon in the shade you wish to be the "keynote" of the meal. This box is then set on lettuce on a small plate and filled with any fruit mixture.

To "frost" any drink, rub the edge and side of the glass with white of egg and then sprinkle with granulated sugar after the drink is in the glass.



## Beautiful hats that cost so little to make

You have no idea how easy it is to make your own lovely sport hats of Dennison Crepe. There are so many colors and shades to choose from that you can match any dress, and have as many different hats as you like. Each one will cost you just about as much as a hat frame alone usually does. The hats are serviceable, stylish, and it is easy to make them moisture-proof.

Invite your friends to spend an afternoon with you making hats, and you'll say it is so easy and so much fun you will want to make more of them. Remember, these are not fancy costume hats. They are hats to wear every day, all summer long.

Send for the complete, detailed instructions. They are free. Your stationer, department store, and druggist have Dennison's Crepe, and probably the instruction booklet, too. If not, send this coupon, and the instructions will be mailed you at once.

DENNISON'S, Dept. E-10  
Framingham, Mass.

Please send me free the complete instructions for making sport hats.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## PLAYS and STUNTS

For Summer Camps, Playgrounds, Churches, Girl Scouts, etc.

Get—  
Popular Parodies for Group Singing - 25c  
Stunt Songs for Social Sings - 35c  
Games and Fun for Everyone - 75c  
Snappy Stunts for Social Gatherings - 75c

Send for free catalog of Plays, Drills, Songs, Pageants, etc.

The Eldridge Entertainment House  
Franklin, Ohio

also  
922 So. Ogden Street, Denver, Colorado

How to give a porch party in June

# It's Easy to Raise Money for Girl Scout Work with OSBORNE BENEFIT PENCILS

*An Original Money Raising Plan for Girl Scout Troops*

High Grade Hexagon Pencils, Fancy Gilt Tips, Red Erasers, in Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, Lavender or Gray Enamel, with name of the Troop, Organization or any other short inscription in Gilt or Silver Lettering

During the past year we printed nearly three million of our "Benefit Pencils." We are still at it and at this very minute they are earning money for Girl Scout Troops, High School Associations and Classes, Churches, Lodges, etc., in all parts of the country. The pencils we furnish are of excellent quality, having the easy writing graphite, gilt tips, red rubber erasers, and can be had all in one color or assorted, with any short inscription up to 35 or 40 letters in gilt or silver. Every pencil bears an appropriate inscription telling the purpose for which the money is being raised.

Everybody uses pencils and will gladly purchase one or more for their own use, receiving full value for the small amount of money spent and helping a worthy cause at the same time. Business houses, offices, etc., usually purchase them by the dozen or gross and you will be surprised to see how quickly they sell. Many School Clubs and Girl Scout Troops carry the pencils in stock during the year and as large quantities are continually being used, a handsome profit is secured in this way.

We are making a Special Rate of \$4.50 per gross, terms net cash 30 or 60 days from date of invoice, f. o. b. Camden, New York. Subject to a discount of 2% if

paid within ten days, and delivery charges allowed if account is paid within 30 days. All goods are usually shipped within 48 hours from receipt of order.

While the larger organizations usually order in quantities of at least seven gross (1,000 pencils) at a time, we will print any quantity from TWO GROSS up at the above rate and allow a full 30 or 60 day credit on all orders.

As a special inducement to have your order read for at least seven gross we are giving A PARKER DUOFOLD GOLD MOUNTED PENCIL FREE with each order for the above quantity.

Why not let us send you some pencils which can be easily sold at five cents each? This means a profit of \$2.70 per gross or nearly \$20.00 on every seven gross sale.

Remember—we do not ask a single penny in advance, thus giving you the opportunity to conduct the sale and do all the collecting before sending us our share of the proceeds. In other words—we finance the investment for you—no fuss—no risk—no worry!

Do you know of a quicker, better or safer way in which to secure funds for your troop?

Send for your pencils TODAY, printing out the inscription desired very plainly, and we will ship them at once. They will soon be earning good money and you will be more than pleased with the result.



## THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY

CAMDEN, NEW YORK

### Special Offer



**A Genuine Parker Lady Duofold  
Gold Mounted Pencil  
Free of all Cost**

To each Girl Scout Troop ordering at least seven gross of the pencils at a time, we will give one of the above pencils free of all cost. We suggest that this be awarded to the member of the Troop selling the most pencils during the campaign.

A.G. May-'26 ..... 19....  
THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.,  
Camden, New York.

Gentlemen:  
You may send us ..... gross "Benefit Pencils" in .....  
finish enamel at \$4.50 per gross and print from the following  
copy:

It is agreed that if our order reads for seven gross or more  
of the pencils we are to receive a genuine Parker Lady Duofold  
Pencil—free.

Name of Troop .....

Captain .....

City or Town .....

State .....

No order for less than two gross accepted. Pencils after being  
printed cannot be returned for credit.

*When writing to advertisers please mention "The American Girl"*

## Along the Editor's Trail

(Continued from page 5)

of you. Imagine being eliminated!" A shudder passes over the audience.

"But I think you have forgotten something. You have forgotten the girls who read you. Really, delegates, THE AMERICAN GIRL belongs to them, not to you."

"If I may make a suggestion, I think the girls should have been invited to this meeting. But since they were not, I know they will not desert you."

"But what can they do?" wails Puzzles.

"Help get more subscriptions!" finishes Girlhood triumphantly. "If more subscriptions come in, the magazine will be larger than ever and then not only will we stay in the magazine, but lots of other fascinating pages will join us."

(Just here a most insistent banging is heard upon the door and cries of "Let us in! Let us in!")

"Helen Ferris confided this all to me, not three minutes ago, out in the hall, where she and Camille Davied and some Girl Scouts are looking through the keyhole. I don't blame her a bit for looking! She has been dreadfully worried for fear you would decide to walk out on her! Well, she told me that what is really at the bottom of this whole thing is subscriptions—and not how popular any of us happens to be."

"A petition!" suggests Scribes' Corner, beginning to scribble. "Everybody up to sign a petition to the girls, asking them for more subscriptions."

"Quick! Join hands!" cries Athletics, with her tennis racquet forcing Mystery back against the wall. "Join hands and sing—sing to our magazine—our bully old magazine that makes us all to be!"

And the handspring she turns, makes the delegates smile in spite of the gravity of the occasion. "Hurrah for the girls!" they cheer. "The girls will save the day! The girls!"

## Phoebe's Baby Garden

(Concluded from page 50)

"I suppose mine says the same thing," said Phoebe, as she tore open her letter. "You write the answer, Bess. I don't think I could bear to tell them I—"

Bess stared in dismay at Phoebe's face, with its wide-eyed look of astonishment. Then she saw the astonishment had changed to joy.

"Tell them I'm coming with you," cried Phoebe in wild excitement. "Oh, Bess, I can't believe it. It's a scholarship. For three hundred dollars. I've won the freshman scholarship for this section."

"Bess," demanded Phoebe presently, her eyes still shining, "do you think I might afford a telegram to the Darlings?"

"Uh—huh," acquiesced Bess, "if you can say it in ten."

This is the telegram they sent:

"Babies plus scholarship sending Phoebe to college."

And this was Mr. Darling's answer:

"Bless the babies!"

## JANE ABBOTT

knows girls—the way they say it, the way they do it. She puts them in her stories just as they are. You'll like her books because they're so real and exciting.

### New this Spring JULIET IS TWENTY

Twenty is the most wonderful age! There's so much you can do—at least if you're like Juliet. You will find her great fun. You'll always be wondering what she's going to do next—fall in love with Sayre Winburn, or help Monty Boyce, or shock Aunt Sarah, or choose a career. And then Juliet does something so unexpected and delicious that you fairly catch your breath for excitement and romance. This is sure to be your favorite Abbott book. With a lovely colored frontispiece of Juliet. **\$2.00**

### BARBERRY GATE By JANE ABBOTT

If Jack Holland's plane had not toppled down into the Colfax meadows, Winsome Pearce might never have learned the story that closed the Barberry Gate through hatred or found a way to open it again through loyalty and courage. A story pervaded by the fragrance of old romance. Colored frontispiece, three illustrations. **\$1.75**

### POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON

By JANE ABBOTT and HENRIETTA WILCOX PENNY

Here's a book that will come true. After reading the delightful tale of the experiment Polly tried instead of camp, Girl Scouts have only to turn to the note-book at the back in order to "put the kettle on" and repeat her culinary successes for themselves. Colored frontispiece, three illustrations. **\$2.00**

### A HUNDRED THINGS A GIRL CAN MAKE

By BONNIE E. SNOW and HUGO B. FROEHLICH

If you like to sew or paint or make pretty things from silks and cretonnes, felt and glass and wood and many other fascinating materials, here are directions for making a hundred useful and artistic articles. 365 Illustrations and diagrams make it easy to follow instructions. **\$2.50**

### 301 THINGS A BRIGHT GIRL CAN DO

By JEAN STEWART

A book that will keep any Girl Scout busy and happy for hours. The best kind of birthday present. Full, too, of suggestions for girls who like to make their own Christmas gifts. Fully illustrated. **\$1.75**

### THE FLOWER-FINDER By GEORGE L. WALTON

Any Girl Scout or any troop can make a wonderful collection with this book to guide and help. 573 Drawings from nature by the author himself. **\$3.00**

### OUR TREES—How to Know Them

By ARTHUR I. EMERSON and CLARENCE M. WEED

You will be proud of your knowledge of trees if you have this book. It will soon teach you to recognize every variety in summer or winter and add pleasure to every hike or camping trip. 149 Illustrations. A large, beautiful book. **\$5.00**

### SIMPLIFIED NURSING By FLORENCE DAKIN, R. N.

Here is an easy nursing book. From it Girl Scouts can learn the best way to help in any sickness and cover themselves with glory in their nursing classes. With a glossary to explain any hard words and 77 illustrations. **\$2.00**

-----AT ALL BOOKSTORES-----

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, 227 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. A.G.4

Please send me descriptive circulars of:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> JULIET IS TWENTY                            | <input type="checkbox"/> 301 THINGS A BRIGHT GIRL CAN DO |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BARBERRY GATE and other Jane Abbott Stories | <input type="checkbox"/> THE FLOWER-FINDER               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON                     | <input type="checkbox"/> OUR TREES—How to Know Them      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A HUNDRED THINGS A GIRL CAN MAKE            | <input type="checkbox"/> SIMPLIFIED NURSING              |

Name..... Address.....

Another "Cactus Kate" story next month







## For Camping Rangeley Moccasins

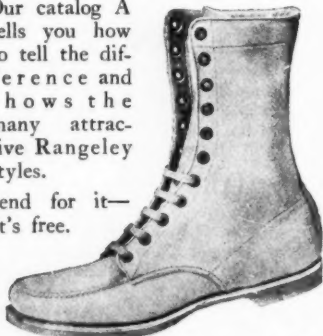
Girls who want real foot happiness this summer will wear True Rangeley Moccasins.

Designed after the original Indian footwear, they are lighter, more flexible and more comfortable than the ordinary shoes, and besides are mighty good looking.

It will pay you to make sure that the moccasins you buy are *True Moccasins*—not ordinary shoes made to look like Moccasins.

Our catalog A tells you how to tell the difference and shows the many attractive Rangeley styles.

Send for it—  
It's free.



**G. H. BASS & CO.**  
WILTON, ME.

Be sure to secure a copy of the Bass Shoe Catalog at the St. Louis Convention.

### CAMP INTERLOCHEN

of  
THE PENNINGTON CAMPS  
Interlochen, Michigan

For girls 6 years and over.

Senior, Junior, Midget Camps in one. Beautiful Lake, 200 Acres Pine, Hill Ranges near. Fully equipped. College Trained Counsellors.

June 30 to August 24. Illustrated booklet.  
Mrs. P. O. Pennington, 160 Tuxedo Ave.  
Detroit, Mich.

Iowa Scout Troops  
investigate

## CAMP IOWAR

A Summer Camp for Girls

The Palsades-on-the-Cedar, near Mt.  
Vernon, Iowa

Canoeing - Swimming - Rowing  
Tennis - Baseball - Volleyball  
Boat Trips - Hiking

Distinctive Plan—Low Cost per Group

For booklet write

Camp Iowar, Mt. Vernon, Iowa

## When I Was a Girl

(Continued from page 13)

meant that I should see my mother's face no more. Then I began to know that nothing in all my life could ever be more precious than those three years at home with my mother.

I have been asked why I became a teacher. I only know that all my life I had longed to teach, and through all the quiet years at home I had been looking forward to learning to teach. Teaching has always been a joy to me, and now as I go from coast to coast I meet everywhere the thousands of grown-up children whom I remember in the school-room. And always I seem to be trying to share with them the things that were dear to me when I was a girl: the out-of-doors that I loved, the white violets that grew in the meadow by the brook, the glorious autumn leaves, the fragrance of the sweet fern, and the breath of the pine woods.

And more precious still are the dear homely things that belong with the everyday in an everyday household—the tones of those who love us, and the happiness of sharing our joys with one another—what wealth there is in them!

When you ask me how I came to be with the Girl Scouts I can only tell you that I seem to have been with you all my life—and all my life to have loved the things that you are learning to love.

So my heart rejoices as I think of you, the Girl Scouts, sleeping under the stars, with the breath of the pine woods about you, and waking with the dawn to see the sun in his glory in the east as the new day comes in—or when I know, as I do, that your own homes are happier because "Good Turns" abound there.

### From the Editor

Because so many AMERICAN GIRL readers requested it, Dean Arnold wrote these recollections of her own girlhood and herself brought to the magazine office pictures which are here published. You will be interested, too, in the later years of her life, for she is today internationally known not only as the National President of the Girl Scouts, but as one of our most distinguished educators. From the service which she so faithfully rendered in her own home, after the death of her mother, she went out to lifelong service as a teacher. She has always loved and has been loved by those around her—she had a rare gift for opening the door for them to the host of interesting things about them and to a vivid knowledge of our world. She was a real teacher.

And today, to us all, she is a joyous inspiration.

Sarah Louise Arnold began her teaching career when she was nineteen years of age. Starting her work in the primary schools, the first half of her years as a teacher were spent in education in the public schools of America—in Massachusetts, in New Hampshire, in Vermont, and then as head of a Teachers' Training School in Saratoga, New York.

Then it came about that she was called to Minneapolis, where for seven years she directed the primary schools. Back, then, to her native New England and to Boston, where for seven years she was one of the Board of Supervisors in the Boston Schools. It is small wonder that today, wherever she goes, former pupils now grown, greet her saying, "Miss Arnold, I shall never forget your teaching." And frequently they add, "I have a Girl Scout daughter who likes to think of herself as one of your girls."

During all this time she was writing textbooks for our schools and she is still writing them! Some of the books which bear her name have been published in China, as well as in England, America, and the Philippines.

When she was Dean of Simmons College in Boston—a position which she filled with distinction for many years—she was also Head of the Department of Education, and for some years was the Head of the Department of Home Economics. In her own home she shows us that she has learned to create a home of beauty, in which those who live there are not only well and strong, but happy because of the loveliness they find in it. And there is no part of Girl Scouting today in which Dean Arnold is more interested than in our Homemaking.

During the war, Sarah Louise Arnold was loaned by Simmons College to the Food Administration, and she went for Mr. Hoover to the colleges and universities of the country with the message of the Food Administration. Of this work, and that which she is now doing as President of the Girl Scouts, she writes, "I firmly believe that my work with the volunteers in the Food Administration and now in the Girl Scout movement is the crowning achievement of whatever I may have accomplished."

This story of our Dean Arnold is to be followed by others from our Girl Scout Leaders: Our Founder, Mrs. Juliette Low; our National Director, Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin; our first Vice-President, Mrs. Herbert Hoover; and none other than Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, our Honorary President."



Our Dean Arnold

Outfit yourself for camp through the Earn-Your-Own Club

## On the Trail of the Girl Scout Campers

(Continued from page 22)

as well as the signals for fair weather.

This bit of their log will give you an idea of why all the Dolphins of last year are planning another house-boat sail for the summer days just ahead.

### Log

For Friday, July 17th.

Weather—A.M.—Cloudy

Clouds—Nimbus

Barometer—30:35

Thermometer—68

Captain—M. F. H. E. Faulkner

Cooks—"Chich" Carruthers and Connie Ninde

Waterbabies—"Billy" Van Weeldon and "Jack" Webb

Boatswain—Mary Smallwood

Day off—Mary Zohe.

"Last night we had a real thunder storm. We rescued the Skipper's bed and took it inside. All safe from the storm in our cosy cabin.

"The clouds this morning were inclined to be of a Nimbus nature but it cleared up later in the day and no one could wish for a more beautiful day to end our glorious week on board. This evening the lake is perfectly calm and we are able to hear the buglers' class practising with the hills echoing the calls.

"Visitors—two leaders from the Boy Scout Camp who came to inspect the ship. Also, we had Miss Kirk as guest for our last dinner on board."

For those who were Dolphins in 1925, still further water adventure is planned for this year. They are going to chart the bottom of the lake. Imagine that!

Our Duluth campers honored my visit with a most lovely historical pageant called *The Founding of Duluth*. The camp dramatics girls planned it, with the helpful guidance of the dramatics counselor, Miss Feretra. From the actual events of Duluth's early history, they selected the scenes, wrote the lines and designed the costumes.

The pageant was given by the lake-side, after supper, while the sun's last rays, glowing a gorgeous red in the west faded gradually through delicate maroon into a turquoise sky. Sieur du Luth and his trapper followers were beautiful as they paddled across the lake, romantic silhouettes in the fading light. They landed from their canoes, built themselves a camp fire and bargained with the Indians. A later scene revealed the French maiden, Isobel, who loved the young du Luth and braved the wilderness to follow him from Eastern Canada to share his fortunes in that pioneer settlement.

Ever since these exquisite twilight pictures, I have been thinking of what each of you may do in your own camp. If you are interested in giving plays, why not go to the library, before you leave for camp, reading of the events in the history of your part of the country? Perhaps your librarian will permit you to take to camp a book or two that is filled

(Continued on page 63)



## The Call to CAMP ANDREE This Summer

In the heart of beautiful, rugged Westchester County yet only thirty miles from New York by train or motor.

Life is lived out-of-doors. The patrol system has been adopted with each patrol in its own encampment.

Woods, hills and dales to roam—and directly below the camp tucked away 'neath the hillside is an emerald gem of a lake where swimming and boating is available with complete and dependable supervision.

Complete instruction for girls fourteen years or older, interested in becoming Girl Scout Leaders.

**Open July 2nd to September 3rd—Rate \$10.00 per week**

A glorious experience—this life in the open!

Send for circulars of complete description.

MISS ELIN LINDBERG, Camp Manager

National  
Headquarters

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.,** 670 Lexington Ave.  
New York City

### Camp Wamphallobank

For girls 10 to 18 yrs.

150 acre Lily Lake

1000 ft. elevation

Real camp activities

Outdoor living

Recreation lodge

Sleeping tents

Rates \$15.00 weekly

For booklet, write to Lorraine Boyd  
158 So. Sherman St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

### CAMP WADAGA

Lake Winnepesaukee

N. H.

*A Camp with a conscience*

All land and water sports

Credit for Girl Scout Merit Badges given

Season June 30th—August 25th

Girls 8—18 years. Booklet

A. L. BURRAGE, 65 Lowell St., Reading, Mass.

### CAMP OVERLOOK

Georgetown, Me.

Protestant camp for girls, 10 to 18 years of age. Class "A" rating from State Dept. of Health, Augusta. Enrollment, 40.

Catalog on request

MARTHA RICH BOWEN

HARRY HOWARD BOWEN

164 Milk St., Fitchburg, Mass.

### POCH-A-WACHNE

An ideal mountain camp for girls

Over 100 acres of rugged natural beauty in the heart of the Pocono mountains. Large private lake, ideal for safe swimming, diving and water sports. Comfortable living quarters, ample food. Special emphasis given to rational health building activities. Fees \$150.00 for season, no extras. Special rates for groups of two or more. Booklet on request.

CHAS. J. PROHASKA, M.D., Director,  
Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Stunts for your patrol in camp and at home—coming*

# Gladima Scout Invites—



*To your Captain is hereby extended Gladima's most cordial invitation to visit the Advertising Exhibit of "The American Girl," on display at our National Convention in St. Louis*

## We Have No More Loyal Friends Than Our Advertisers

By coming to *The American Girl*, our Advertisers have shown, time and again, that they believe in girls and in our magazine. Their appearance in these pages is one of the things which makes possible having a magazine. Our Advertising Exhibit will truly be a reunion of old friends. But to you who will not be going to St. Louis, Gladima extends an equally cordial Get-Acquainted invitation.

## Of Special Interest to Girls

Everything mentioned in *The American Girl's* advertisements is of special interest to girls, carefully selected with your own desires in mind. You may not be in St. Louis. But you can show your appreciation of our Advertisers' interest by having their products, their books in your own home.



Only 50c. more than for one year—\$2.00 for a two-year subscription





### The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

If an S and an I and an O and a U  
With an X at the end spell "Su,"  
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,  
Pray, what is a speller to do?  
Then if an S and an I and a G  
And an H-E-D spell "Side,"  
There's nothing much for a speller  
to do  
But to go and commit Siouxeys-  
sighed.

—Exchange.

Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout"  
By JULIA HEIT,  
Girl Scout of New York City

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your  
funniest joke, telling us your name,  
age, and address. A book will be  
awarded to every girl whose joke is  
published in this space.



### Correct!

Wanted: A seven-letter  
word for "The Yanks  
Are Coming."  
Answer: DENTIST.

### The Wrong House

Have you a Charles Dickens in your  
home?" asked the polite book agent.

"No!" she snapped.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or a Eugene Field?"

"No, we ain't, and, what's more, we  
don't run a boarding-house here, either.  
If you're looking for them fellows, you  
might try the house across the street."

—Sent by FRANCES TORPADIE, New York  
City.

### A Good Turn

COLORED BOOTBLACK:  
What's you uniform,  
Lady?

LADY: Girl Scout.

C. B. (at salute): Ah  
used to be a Boy Scout.  
Have you done a good  
turn today?

LADY (explains her good turn).

C. B.: Huh, dat wasn't no good turn  
—Dat was just nat'cheral neighborliness.



### The Letter of the Law

TEACHER: Johnny, why are you late  
for school?

JOHNNY: There's a sign down the  
block and it says, "go slowly."

—Sent by MARGARET KELLER, So. Nor-  
walk, Conn.

## Helen Ferris

Your Editor

has written two  
books that every  
Girl Scout troop  
should own.



## Producing Amateur Entertainments is a book of stunts, \$2.50

A troop leader will find in it the most practical outline of the  
efficient method of handling the innumerable details involved in  
the management of a successful evening's entertainment that we  
have ever seen.

## Girls' Clubs

is filled with ideas for your troop  
meetings. New edition, \$2.00

Mrs. Rippin says:

"By all means, have these books. The stunt book for your  
parties and entertainments and camps. 'Girls' Clubs' for  
all your troop meetings."

Order through your own bookstore  
or direct from

## E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Opposite St. Thomas's, between 53rd and 54th Streets

### Miss Harris' Florida School

OCTOBER to JUNE

Boarding and Day-school Departments

Complete foreign language and science  
departments

Music, dancing, dramatic art

Outdoor classes all winter, and swimming, boat-  
ing, golf, tennis

Chaperoned parties from New York and Chicago

1052 BRICKELL AVENUE  
Miami, Florida

### WESLEYAN COLLEGE

The Oldest for Women  
MACON, GA.

Wesleyan is a standard college offering a  
four-year course leading to the A. B. degree.  
Six hundred students, sixty officers and  
teachers. Located in the heart of the South.  
Splendid climate, outdoor sports, Conserva-  
tory advantages.

Write for catalogues and view book

The President of Wesleyan College  
Macon, Georgia

Stories to tell around the camp fire in our summer issues



## Why a Tailored Uniform?

Like Captain, like troop—that is why officers should set their troops an example of smartness and grooming by wearing a perfect fitting uniform.

Our uniforms fill these specifications, because they are tailor made. They are cut to individual

measure and in accordance with Girl Scout regulations. The cloth and workmanship are of the finest.

Prices and samples of materials cheerfully furnished upon request. Uniforms can be made from olive drab serge or khaki, as desired.

Write direct to  
**RIDABOCK & CO.**

149-151 West 36th Street New York, N. Y.

## Do You Like to Take Pictures?

Do you like to take pictures? Then don't forget *THE AMERICAN GIRL* when you do, especially pictures such as we have this month on our picture spread, which show how the magazine is being welcomed and used everywhere. If someone makes a rustic bench or a sign from directions in the magazine, take a picture of it and send it in. If you give an *AMERICAN GIRL* stunt, take a picture of that and send it. If you are an Earn-Your-Own Club member, have someone

take a snapshot of you and mail it to us. None has sent us more delightful pictures than has Miss Florence C. Burnell, who spent last summer at Camp Juniper Knoll, the Chicago Girl's Camp. If you will write Miss Burnell at 233 Tenth Street, she will be pleased to send you suggestions for taking pictures that illustrate the use of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. And Gladima says—Helen Ferris says—she will be only too happy to have them for publication in the magazine.



## The Latest About The American Girl

(Continued from page 33)

May it be warmed by Laughter's sun!  
May it grow Thrills for everyone!  
So may *THE AMERICAN GIRL* go on,  
The best a Scout can find!

### FUN:

Right here, as we plant this little tree,  
Let's plant a Laugh for Fun to be!  
When future Scouts these pages see,  
*THE AMERICAN GIRL* will ring with glee!

### GIRL SCOUT NEWS:

These notes we'll plant beneath this tree,  
And trust that, in the days to be,  
More Girl Scout News from land and sea,  
In our loved Magazine will be!

### BEAUTY:

As Beauty shines from all around,  
So we plant beauty in the ground,  
And trust that, as it feeds this tree,  
There'll be more loveliness to see!

### ADVENTURE:

When Girl Scouts, after Taps, are still  
This tree will feel the midnight's chill.  
Adventures great its soul will thrill,  
But storms the spirit cannot kill!

### FIFTY:

Please, little tree, do not forget  
That my wee offering's not here yet!  
Right gladly will I add my "Fifty,"  
To make your future bright and nifty!

## Try an American Girl Contest

(Continued from page 33)

together with all the Girl Scouts in both places decided to have an *AMERICAN GIRL* contest to see which town could bring in the greatest number of magazine subscriptions.

It certainly was exciting! The Editor promised a book to the first troop in each town that would be 100% subscribing, and she didn't have long to wait. To the successful town, an original painting of one of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* covers was to be awarded. And the losing town was to give a party to the winners with Helen Ferris present to make the awards. Since Stamford proved to be the winner, Norwalk gave the party, and a most delightful one it was. The cover which Helen Ferris awarded was that for December, 1925. The books given to the 100% troops, whose pictures we are publishing in this issue, were copies of the new *Girl Scout Short Stories* book, made up of the most popular stories that have been published in the magazine. By the way, this book is on sale at the National Equipment Department, for two dollars, and will make a lovely present for any girl at any time.

You, too, may have an *AMERICAN GIRL* contest. Write to Mr. William N. Chew, our new Circulation Manager, and he will be delighted to send you details on how to have not only an inter-town *AMERICAN GIRL* contest but an inter-troop *AMERICAN GIRL* contest or an inter-patrol one—in fact, any kind!

*The winning pictures in the Camera Contest next month*

## The Latest About The American Girl

(Continued from page 33)

Have you received one of the reminder poems about your renewal? There have been many laughs in THE AMERICAN GIRL office over the poems many of you have been sending in with your money. Here is one from Jacquelyn Forcheimer of St. Louis, where our National Convention is being held:

There was a subscriber named Jacky,  
A champion forgetter, by cracky.  
She forgot to renew  
Her subscription to you;  
But now her old memory's come backy.  
So let dear, idle tears all be dried,  
Quite enough, Helen Ferris, you've cried,  
And I know next November  
That I shall remember  
And not let my memory hide.

Have you a sister? And does she read THE AMERICAN GIRL, too? Dorothy Dingley of Palo Alto, Cal., describes what happens in her home:

"When THE AMERICAN GIRL comes, the one who gets it first is thought very lucky. She generally goes off to some secluded spot and reads as much as she can without letting the others know it is in the house."

Are you, perhaps, one of the girls who longs to subscribe to THE AMERICAN GIRL, with your own copy coming just to you every month through the mails—but who feels that she cannot afford it? There are some girls who feel this way—so here is an idea for you. Why not start now to save the necessary subscription price? Last summer, the girls in the Columbus, Ga., Camp decided to give up their "candy money" in favor of THE AMERICAN GIRL. They asked the head of their camp, Miss Sylvia Blascoer, to act as banker. And it was truly surprising how soon they had the money for their subscriptions.

By the way, Miss Olive Walton, a Captain in Watertown, Conn., came to THE AMERICAN GIRL office the other day to tell us what splendid success one of her girls is having earning her camp equipment through AMERICAN GIRL premiums.

Meetings of Girl Scouts from several towns or cities are becoming increasingly popular. Not long ago, the girls of Oradell, Westwood, Emerson, and River Edge, N. J., enjoyed a rally together at which an AMERICAN GIRL stunt was given. At the close of the stunt, an AMERICAN GIRL song was sung and girls carried about posters which read, "Any girl may subscribe," or "Give THE AMERICAN GIRL as a present." The result was that not only were actual subscriptions obtained, but many other girls expressed their intention of taking the magazine as soon as they could gather in the money. If you are planning a rally and wish to have an AMERICAN GIRL stunt or booth, write to Mr. William N. Chew, our new Circulation Manager. He will send you details of a plan by which you may earn money for your troop in this way.



## SERVICES FOR THE OPEN

FOR USE IN SUMMER CAMPS FOR BOYS  
and GIRLS and IN COMMUNITY SERVICES

Arranged by

LAURA I. MATTOON and  
HELEN D. BRAGDON

\*\*\*

### 29 Beautiful Services

9—Special Occasions  
7—Nature Services  
9—High Points

4—In Remembrance of Great Apostles  
of the Out-of-Doors  
80 Hymns and Songs that are a part  
of the Services

"I think the book is truly delightful and it is the best collection of hymns that I have seen anywhere for the purpose."—Mrs. Jonathan C. Day, Camp Merrie-Woode.

"A splendid collection of services."—Nesta Williams, Camp Caledon.

"I find the SERVICES FOR THE OPEN a most interesting and stimulating book."—Ellen Farnsworth, Aloha Hive.

"A very complete and splendid guide and help for services."—Alice Orr Clark, Meenahga Camps.

Price \$1.00

\$75.00 per hundred

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue

New York City

### AN EDUCATION

at the

### Louisville Conservatory of Music

(Frederic A. Cowles, Director)

Prepares for Success

Special Cultural, Normal  
and Professional Courses

Piano, Voice, Violin, Dramatic Art,  
Organ, Orchestral Instruments

Address JOHN L. GRUBER, Mgr.

250 W. Broadway

Louisville, Ky.

### The Traphagen School of Fashion

Both Summer and Winter Sessions

Day, Evening and Saturday Classes

All phases from elementary to full mastery of costume design and illustration taught in shortest time compatible with thoroughness. Specializing has materially added to the strength of this school. Under personal direction of Ethel Traphagen. Complete studio equipment.

Write for announcement.

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION

200 West 57th Street New York



### MILLERSBURG COLLEGE

Founded 1850

Select boarding school for girls, 6-21. Fully accredited. Grades, intensive college preparatory, special courses. Well equipped gymnasium, Music, Art, Dramatics, Home Economics. Moderate rates.

Box A—Millersburg, Ky.

Uses for your scout knife—"Our Little Workshop in the Woods"



## 63 Left

We advertised packet No. 329 last month and only 63 are left. First come, first served—100 diff. stamps from 100 different countries only 75c. Also (new this month) Scott Seal Packet No. 334, 12 diff. Lebanon, 25c (get this country in your album); No. 335, 12 diff. Syria, 25c; F255, Dime Set; French Equatorial Africa, on Chad 1924, 5 stamps, .10; No. C106, Dime Set, 6 Cameroun 1925 (pictorial), .10; No. 1702 Ecuador, 1872-97, 40 stamps, \$1.25, (Set); Scott Seal Packets No. 8, 1000 all diff. \$1.25; No. 3, 2000 all diff. \$5.00. No. 22, Asia only, 100 diff. .60; No. 21, South America only, 100 diff. .60; No. 331, Paraguay, 25 diff. .50; No. 332, Azores, 40 diff. .50; No. 147, Austria, 300 diff. .50. Our free 80-page price list will be sent you on request. Prices hundreds of sets, dime sets, Scott Seal Packets, also our full line of albums, catalogues, tongs, hinges, watermark detectors, etc.

Please note our new address when writing.

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.**  
1 West 47th Street New York, N. Y.

## Tip-Top

Premium of 50 different, stunning stamps, pocket stamp book, perforation gauge, mm. scale, ruler; good stamp from Kenya & Uganda (cannibal land). Gold Coast, Persia—all for 6 cents to applicants for *Tip-Top Approvals!*

**TIP-TOP STAMP CO.**

Colorado Springs Colorado

## ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mm. scale; small album; 2 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Extra premium this month only.

Nice pocket stock book, val. 25c., with every order.

**ANCHER STAMP CO.**

148a Clerk Street Jersey City, N. J.

## The Pathfinder Album,

50 Stamps and 100 Hinges Free to all Girl Scouts. Send 10c to pay cost of postage and packing. Have you some stamps which you cannot classify? We will assist you.

C. H. Hollister Mukwonago, Wis.

## YOUR TROOP FUND and HOW TO INCREASE IT

With summer almost upon us—additional money will be needed for hiking—for camping trips. We offer a real business-like plan—simple and pleasant.

Sell from our catalogue which we send you absolutely without cost; reputable merchandise to your family, friends and neighbors during your spare time.

### NO INVESTMENT NO SAMPLES

We stand directly behind every article on a five-day returnable basis.

Over one hundred articles of every description featured.

DON'T FAIL TO suggest this to your captain today before you forget—have her write for catalogues and details. No obligation—no expense.

**E. I. POTTER CORP.**

Dept. G 19 West 36th Street, N. Y. C.

## Stamps of the Air Mail

By OSBORNE B. BOND

IN our column last month we discussed the map stamps issued by different nations of the world. Hardly had we started to run that issue on the presses when the United States Post Office announced a new ten cent air mail stamp, which could very well be classed as a map stamp. Perhaps a great number of the readers of this column know that a new air mail route between Detroit and Chicago was opened on February 13th. The new 10c stamp is to pay for postage on this and other routes.

A description in the Postal Bulletin reads as follows: "This stamp is a horizontal rectangle 75/100 by 1-84/100 inches in size and is printed in blue ink. The central design represents a map of the United States, showing some of the rivers and mountain ranges. On each side is an airplane in flight, one traveling east and the other towards the west. Across the top of the stamp in white roman letters are the words 'United States Postage' with the words 'Air Mail' directly beneath. At the bottom of the stamp in shaded letters is the word 'Cents' and in both lower corners are the white numerals '10.' Ornamental plastic brackets appear at each side.

"The new air mail stamp will first be placed on sale February 13th at the post offices in Detroit and Dearborn, Mich., Chicago, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, and Washington, D. C. They will also be placed on sale on this date at the philatelic agency, Division of Stamps, Post Office department, Washington, D. C."

To date, the United States has issued seven air mail stamps. In 1918 three stamps were issued—the 6c orange, 16c green and the 24c carmine, rose and blue. Some of the 24c stamps were sold across the counter of the post office with the center inverted. This stamp is so rare that it catalogues at \$750.00.

Three other air mail stamps were put on sale in 1923. These stamps are still current and can be bought at any post office. They are the 8c dark green showing a picture of an aeroplane propeller, and the 16c dark blue with a Badge of the Air Service in the center of the stamp. The 24c carmine of this issue shows the picture of an aeroplane in flight.

One interesting foreign stamp is the Newfoundland Caribou issue of 1918. When Harry Hawker attempted to fly across the Atlantic Ocean in April, 1919, the 3c brown of the Caribou was surcharged: *First Trans-Atlantic Air Post, April, 1919.*

This surcharge was printed on only two hundred stamps. As Mr. Hawker carried some mail with him on his somewhat unsuccessful flight, this stamp was used to frank the correspondence carried. Eighteen of the stamps were damaged and destroyed, 95 were used on letters, 11 given as presentation copies and the remaining 76 were sold in aid of the Marine Disasters Fund. This rare stamp is worth about \$175.00.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Bond will answer questions about stamps, if you will enclose a stamped envelope.

## Here's A Way You Can Get Your Camp Equipment FREE!

Of course you're going to camp with your Troop this summer—and what a great time you and the other girls are planning to have, too.

But already you know a great deal of your good time depends on having the right camp equipment. You'll need lots of things. Have you a wrist watch? A flashlight? A first-aid kit? How about a poncho and signal flags? Why not earn some or all of these things free by being an AMERICAN GIRL Representative in your locality, and looking after new and renewal subscriptions?

It's easy to secure subscriptions for the AMERICAN GIRL, for it is a magazine not only for Girl Scouts, but for all girls. Show your copy to your friends, and you'll be surprised how many will want it, and will be glad to subscribe through you. Also show it to some of the mothers and aunts and tell them what a fine birthday gift for a girl the AMERICAN GIRL is. You'll be astonished how quickly you can earn your camp equipment. Below is a list of things you may want, and the number of AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions needed to earn each.

### Our Premium List

Article	\$1.50 subs.	\$2.00 subs.
THE AMERICAN GIRL (1 yr.)...	3	4
Girl Scout Short Stories.....	6	7
Long Coat Suit (Size 10-18)....	9	8
Long Coat Suit (Size 38-44)....	10	9
Short Coat Suit.....	12	9
Bloomers.....	5	4
Knickers.....	6	4
Middy.....	5	4
Hat.....	4	3
Neckerchief.....	1	4
Neckerchief (silk).....	5	4
Raincoat.....	12	9
Coat Sweater.....	20	15
Slip over Sweater.....	18	14
Song Book.....	1	7
American Flag.....	9	7
Troop Flag.....	14	11
Troop Pennant.....	4	3
Flag Carrier.....	7	5
Flag Set.....	3	2
Staffs (jointed with spiral G.S. emblem).....	17	13
(jointed with eagle).....	12	9
(jointed with spear).....	9	7
G. S. Emblem.....	9	7
Eagle Emblem.....	7	5
Spear Emblem.....	4	3
Camping Out.....	5	4
Camp & Field Book (Note)....	4	3
First Aid Book.....	3	2
Handbook.....	3	2
Scout Law Poster.....	1	4
Axe.....	5	4
Blankets.....	16	12
Bugle.....	12	9
Toilet Kit.....	6	5
Canteen (aluminum).....	7	5
Canteen (tin).....	5	4
Compass (plain).....	3	2
Compass (radiolite).....	4	3
First Aid Kit (small).....	3	2
First Aid Kit (large).....	7	2
Flashlight (small).....	3	2
Flashlight (large).....	4	3
Handkerchief.....	1	4
Haversack (small).....	5	4
Haversack (large).....	7	5
Knife (Sheath).....	4	3
Knife (large).....	4	3
Knife (small).....	3	2
Mess Kit.....	9	7
Poncho (small—45x72).....	9	7
Poncho (large—60x80).....	12	9
Ring (silver).....	4	3
Ring (gold).....	10	8
Sewing Kit.....	1	1
Stationery.....	2	1
Stockings.....	3	2
Sun Watch.....	11	8
Wrist Watch.....	11	8

Premiums which are listed for two-year subscriptions only cannot be given for one-year subscriptions.

Premiums cannot be allowed on your own subscription.

Premiums must be requested at the time the subscription order is sent.

Premiums cannot be allowed if "Earn-Your-Own" commissions are deducted at time of sending subscriptions.

Let us help you earn extra money. Join our "Earn-Your-Own" Club

# On the Trail of Girl Scout Campers

(Continued from page 57)

with these stories for your dramatics. Or, possibly, your camp library will have a special local history shelf, to which your patrol or your troop will present a volume. "Pioneer Day" is an idea which many camps last year enjoyably included in their special camp days. Our pioneer history is one of our choicest American heritages. We who take part in pioneer dramatics not only have the fun of it—we become, indeed, our pioneer fathers themselves, living again the incidents of frontier life, coming to appreciate what the frontier meant to our country and to us.

Camp Chickagamie, our Eveleth Girl Scout camp, has one wonderfully beautiful look-out, a "tarry-awhile" spot, among virgin pine, on a hill that sweeps over the lake and far beyond. It is just the kind of place for dreaming, for reading your favorite poetry book—for writing your own—or for doing nothing but lie watching and feeling the trees and the birds and the water and the sky. Has your camp such a spot? I hope so.

As I read the International issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I thought of the girls in our Eveleth camp. For there, at Camp Chickagamie, among the thirty-two girls a week who camped with such enjoyment, were girls whose parents represented forty-eight different nationalities. Several of the Girl Scouts themselves were born outside this country. And the parents of nearly every girl had come to our America during the last twenty-five years. "And they come to us, bringing gifts"—what beautiful legends and songs and folk-dances the parents of these Eveleth girls have for us! And what pioneers these Girl Scouts are—for the town of Eveleth is but little over twenty years old.

"If you want to ride, jump on the running board!" It was none other than Mrs. Herbert Hoover who hailed me as I was hiking along the road, for Mrs. Hoover and our National Director, Mrs. Rippin, were that day visiting Camp Andree Clark, near Briarcliff Manor, New York, our National camp for girls over fourteen. Andree had a splendid plan last year, one which I hope will be introduced into many other camps this year.

The whole camp was divided into four troop-sized groups, our Captains living with each group, as program directors. Each group had its own Court of Honor, patrols-in-council, and troop meetings. Certain inter-troop activities were arranged for the afternoons, swimming, for instance. And twice each week the four troops held camp colors together at the main camp flag-pole. There were occasional community meals, too. But in the main, the troops were free to make their own plans through their own Courts of Honor.

It was interesting to see how different the troops were. The girls in one were chiefly interested in Nature work, their Captain being a real Nature Guide. Another Captain being especially skilled in

dramatics naturally led the girls into that. Another troop, with their leader who was an unusually experienced camper, went forth into primitive camping and overnight hiking. Still another, under the leadership of a Captain who was especially interested in the Court of Honor, discovered the genuine satisfaction to be gained through making your own plans and decisions through that same Court of Honor—a discovery, by the way, which Girl Scouts are making more and more. The Court of Honor is ours, through which we may plan our Girl Scout programs so that they are truly ours and what we wish to do. These girls at Andree also learned a great deal about the out of door activities included in Second- and First-Class Scouting.

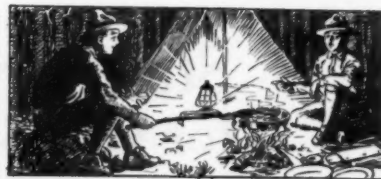
And there were meetings of the girls in the interest of Camp Andree as a whole. The Camp Chief was free to call these meetings, probably once or twice a week—a camp council made up of the patrol leaders, the Captains, and other counselors. They discussed plans for the entire camp and brought to it word of what the girls themselves most wished to do.

Each troop was at liberty to call upon the staff specialists, such as the nurse, the waterfront counselors, and the forester. You will be interested in what the Andree forester accomplished. He made a planting plan for Camp Andree and during the spring and summer months 17,000 young trees, native to the region—chiefly pines, oaks, and maples—were set out. Every group of campers learned how to plant and care for trees, and actually did some of the setting out. What more lovely gift to a camp could be made than "beauty's gift of yesterday"?

Other camps are now interested in having a forester. One group of Golden Eaglets, down South, is raising money for a forester's salary, that they may have one at their camp this camp season. I am hoping that everywhere in Girl Scout Camps this summer we shall have tree plantings—perhaps, even, many a forester!

These are only a few of the Girl Scout Camps I visited last summer. I shall tell you about some of the others in a later issue. For there were many more Girl Scout Camps than ever before—forty-five new ones reported to our National Camp Committee. And this summer we shall have still more. Which means more Girl Scouts having the fun of camping than ever before.

To you all come my best wishes for the finest possible camping days. I shall always be happy to hear from you about what you are doing in your camp. Write to me at the National Headquarters of the Girl Scouts and it will be forwarded to me, wherever I am. And tell your Captain that I am hoping to meet her at our new Camp Edith Macy Training School this spring, when we shall have special courses in camping for Captains, camp counselors and camp directors.



Crisp, sizzling bacon! Steaming brown flap-jacks! Hot cocoa! What a feed. All done and served in a jiffy with a Cello Mess Kit. A handy, compact, one-man outfit for camping, or any meal in the open.

## CELLO

### MESS KITS - CANTEENS

Cello Mess Kits are made of aluminum, 7 pieces—frying pan, stew pan, pail, pail cover, drinking cup, tin fork and spoon, all packed in a khaki bag with shoulder strap. Weight 26 ounces. Price \$3.00.

Cello Aluminum Canteen with removable khaki cover (felt lined). Holds one quart. Weight 10 ounces. Price \$2.75.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to

A. S. CAMPBELL CO.

162 Prescott St.

East Boston, Mass.

## To Polish Mirrors



Add just a *very few* drops of 3-in-One Oil to the water. Don't, don't, put the oil on the cloth.

Wash the mirror with the oil and water—then polish with a soft, dry cloth.

A beautiful lasting brilliance will be your reward. Also try this

### 3-in-One

treatment to make your cut glass sparkle. Make windows clean and bright.

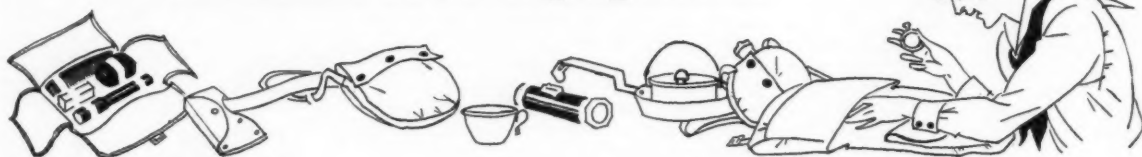
In 1-oz., 3-oz., & 8-oz. bottles. Also in 3-oz. Nancy Oil Cans. For sale by THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO. 165 Broadway, N. Y.

## Cut Me Out

and send me with your name and address to Dept. 5L, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, and I'll show you how to earn extra spending money for yourself.

Pointers on your tennis service next month

# Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment



Effective May 1, 1926

Uniforms		
	Size	Price
Long Coat .....	10-18	\$3.65
	38-44	4.15
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.70
	38-44	5.20
Skirt .....	10-44	2.10
Bloomers .....	10-44	1.85
Knickers .....	10-44	2.15
Middy—Official khaki...	10-42	1.75
Norfolk Suit—Officer's:		
<i>Khaki, light weight...</i>	32-44	8.00
<i>Serge .....</i>	32-44	38.00
Hat, Officer's .....	6½-8	4.00
Hat, Girl Scout's .....	6½-8	1.60
Web Belt .....	28-38	.65
	40-46	.75
Leather for officers.....	28-38	2.75
	40-42	3.00
Neckerchiefs, each .....		.45
Bandeaux (to match		
neckerchiefs), each .....		.45
<i>Colors: green, purple, dark</i>		
<i>blue, light blue, brown, car-</i>		
<i>dinal, black, and yellow.</i>		
<i>Black Silk .....</i>		2.00
<i>Green Silk .....</i>		2.00
Yellow Slickers .....	10-12	4.50
	14-20	5.25
Sweaters—Brown and		
Green Heather .....		
Coat Model .....	32-40	8.00
Slipover Model .....	32-40	7.00

## Badges

	Price
† Attendance Stars	
<i>Gold .....</i>	\$0.20
<i>Silver .....</i>	.15
† First Class Badge.....	.25
† Flower Crests .....	.15
†*Life Saving Crosses	
<i>Silver .....</i>	1.75
<i>Bronze .....</i>	1.50
† Proficiency Badges .....	.15
† Second Class Badge.....	.15
†*Thanks Badge	
<i>Heavy gold plate with bar...</i>	3.00
<i>10K Gold Pin.....</i>	5.00
<i>Gold Plate Pins.....</i>	.75
<i>Silver Plate .....</i>	.75

## Insignia

	Price
† Armband .....	\$0.15
† Corporal's Chevron .....	.10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron..	.20
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's	
<i>hat) .....</i>	.50
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts..	.20
† Patrol Leader's Chevron .....	.15

## Pins

	Price
† Brownie .....	\$0.25
† Committee .....	.75
†*Community Service .....	.35
†*Golden Eaglet .....	1.50
† Lapels—G. S.—Bronze .....	.50
† Tenderfoot Pins	
<i>10K Gold (safety catch)....</i>	3.00
<i>Gold Filled (safety catch)...</i>	.75
<i>New plain type .....</i>	.15
<i>Old style plain pin.....</i>	.08
<i>Midget gold filled .....</i>	.50
Worn by officers or Girl	
Scouts when not in uniform	
Senior Girl Scout Pin.....	.75

## Songs

	Price
America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There?.....	.10
Enrollment .....	.10
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout.	.15
First National Training School..	.25
Girl Guide .....	.60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50
Girl Scout Songs	
<i>Vocal Booklet .....</i>	.10
<i>Piano Edition .....</i>	.30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
<i>Lots of 10 or more.....</i>	.03
Goodnight .....	.15
Hiking On .....	.30
Oh, Beautiful Country .....	.05
On the Trail:	
<i>Piano edition .....</i>	.40
<i>Midget Size .....</i>	.05
<i>Lots of 10 or more.....</i>	.02
Onward .....	.15
To America .....	.25
Be Prepared—Girl Guide Song..	.35

## Flags

American Flags			
Size	Material		Price
2x3 ft.	Wool.....		\$2.80
3x5 ft.	Wool.....		3.60
4x6 ft.	Wool.....		4.60

## † Troop Flags

Size	Material	Price	Lettering
2 x3 ft.	Wool.....	\$2.60	10c per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool....	4.20	15c " "
3 x5 ft.	Wool....	5.75	20c " "
4 x6 ft.	Wool....	8.50	20c " "

## † Troop Pennants

Lettered with any Troop No.... \$1.50  
NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter  
troop flags and pennants.

## † G. S. Felt Emblems

3x4 .....	35c
4x5 .....	40c
6x7 .....	45c
7x10 .....	55c

## Signal Flags

Flag Set .....

Includes:

1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed	
6-ft. Staff .....	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy	
web carrying case .....	
Single Morse Code Flag-staff.	
jointed .....	.60
Semaphore Flags (extra), per	
pair .....	.75

## Staffs

7 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
G. S. Emblem .....	\$6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle..	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear..	3.50
G. S. Emblem—separate .....	3.70
Eagle Emblem—separate .....	2.60
Spear Emblem—separate .....	1.60
Flag Carrier .....	2.60

## Literature

	Price
Brownie Books .....	\$0.25
Brownie Pamphlet .....	.15
Brownie Report .....	.75
Blue Book of Rules.....	.25
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)..	2.00
Campward Ho! .....	.75
Camp and Field Notebook Cover	
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout	
Year .....	.25
Community Service Booklet—	
Each .....	.10
Per dozen .....	1.00
First Aid Book—	
New Edition .....	1.05
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50
Girl Scout Handyfacts .....	2.35
Health Record Books, each .....	.10
Per dozen .....	1.00
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover..	1.10
Flexible Cloth Cover .....	.80
English Girl Guide .....	.75

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.

\* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices are Postage Paid



## Standard Price List Continued

### Literature (Continued)

	Price
Home Service Booklet, each ...	\$0.10
Per dozen .....	1.00
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop	
Pamphlet, each .....	.05
Per hundred .....	4.50
Knots, Hitches and Splices....	.55
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15

### Nature Program—

Series of four booklets (A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders in their Nature Work)...	.20
Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides	
Tenderfoot .....	.03
First Class and Rambler....	.05
Second Class and Observer....	.10
Per set of 3.....	.15

### Nature Projects—

Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with note- book cover .....	1.50
Projects, each .....	.40
Rock, Bird, Tree and Flower instruction sheet .....	.10
Star Project .....	.20
Ye Andrée Logge .....	.75

### Pageant—

Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each .....	.50
Patrol Register, each .....	.15
Patrol System for Girl Guides..	.25

### Plays—

Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) Each .....	.15
How St. John Came to Bencer's School .....	
A Pot of Red Geraniums Why the Rubbish? Everybody's Affair When the Four Winds Met (By Oleda Schrottkey) Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie) Above six, each.....	.15
Lots of ten or more, each....	.10

### Post Cards—

Set of Six (Silhouette).....	.10
1 dozen sets .....	1.00
Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken).....	.15
1 dozen sets .....	1.50
Building .....	2 for .05
Washington Little House (Ex- terior) .....	.02
Washington Little House (Doorway) .....	.02
Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price) .....	.05
Per hundred .....	4.50
Girl Scout's Promise .....	.05
Per hundred .....	4.50

### Series of Law Cards

	Price
Per hundred .....	\$4.50
"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"	
"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"	
"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"	
"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"	
Any of above, each.....	.03
Per hundred .....	2.50

### Posters—

New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼ Per dozen .....	1.00
Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke) .....	.15
Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16 Per hundred .....	10.00
Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11.. Per hundred .....	8.00

### Scout Laws

Size 14 x 19.....	.30
Size 9 x 11.....	.10

### Producing Amateur Entertain- ments (By Helen Ferris)....

Scout Mastership .....	1.50
Short Stories for Girl Scouts....	2.00
Tree Marker (not engraved)...	8.00
Troop Management Course ....	.75
Troop Register (Field Notebook Size) .....	2.05

### Additional Sheets

Cash Record	
(15 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.3c. ea.
Treasurer's Monthly Record (30 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per Sheet (broken pkg.)....	.2c. ea.
Treasurer's or Scribe's Record (15 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.3c. ea.
Individual Record (30 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.2c. ea.
Troop Advancement Record	3c. a sheet
Troop Reports	
(30 sheets) .....	.25c. package
Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.2c. ea.

### Miscellaneous

	Price
Axe, with Sheath .....	\$1.85
Belt Hooks, extra .....	.05
Blankets—¾-pound camel's hair	
4-pound grey .....	5.50
Bugle .....	6.50
Bugle .....	5.00
Braid—¼-inch wide, yard .....	.10
† Buttons—Per set .....	.25
10s—6 L to set—dozen sets..	2.75
Camp Toilet Kit .....	2.35
Canteen, Aluminum .....	2.75
Canteen, Tin .....	2.00
Compass, Plain .....	1.00
Radiolite Dial .....	1.50

### Cuts

	Price
Running Girl .....	\$1.00
Trefoil .....	.75
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	1.30
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra..	.50
First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90
Flashlights, Small size .....	1.35
Large size .....	1.70
Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:	
Linen .....	.35
Box of three .....	1.00
Cotton .....	.20
Box of six .....	1.00
Haversacks, No. 1 .....	3.00
No. 2 .....	2.00
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair .....	.25
1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 in. wide .....	.40
Heavy for Officers, 28 in. wide	.60
Knives, No. 1.....	1.60
No. 2 .....	1.05
Sheath Knife .....	1.60
Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces..	3.00
Mirror—Unbreakable .....	.25

### † Patterns—

Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42	.15
Norfolk Suit, 34-44 .....	.25
Poncho (45x72) .....	3.50
Poncho (60x82) .....	4.75
Rings, Silver, 3 to 9 .....	1.50
10K Gold, 3 to 9 .....	4.00
Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in. ....	.15
Lots of 5 or more, each....	.10
Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt....	.50
Serge O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard .....	4.75
Sewing Kit, Tin Case .....	.25
Aluminum Case .....	.50
Girl Scout Stationery .....	.55
Girl Scout Stickers—Each....	.01
Per dozen .....	.10
Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11..	.55
Sun Watch .....	1.00
Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em- bossed in gold) .....	.02
3 for .....	.05
12 for .....	.15
100 for .....	1.00
Thread, Khaki spool .....	.15
Per dozen spools .....	1.20

### † Uniform Make-up Sets—

Long Coat Uniform .....	.70
1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
1 Pair Lapels	
1 Spool of Thread	
1 Set of Buttons	
Two-piece Uniform .....	.85
1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size
1 Skirt Pattern	
1 Pair Lapels	
1 Spool of Thread	
1 Set of Buttons	
No Make-up sets for middies and bloomers .....	
Whistles .....	.20
Wrist Watch, Radiolite .....	4.50

### Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**  
670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Above Prices are Postage Paid

## Our May Contents

### Art and Poetry

- Cover Design  
*Sidney H. Riesenberg*  
 The Sea Gypsy *Richard Hovey* 6  
 Decoration by *Leon D'Emo*

### Stories

- Kate of the Jungle Cats  
*Clarice Detzer* 7  
 Illustrations by  
*George Avison*  
 Chub's Old Doodle-Do  
*J. Irving Crump* 10  
 Illustrations by  
*Charles Livingston Bull*  
 Pamela's Bandit *Jane Abbott* 14  
 Illustrations by  
*Douglas Ryan*  
 Becky Traps Big Game  
*Constance Lindsay Skinner* 19  
 Illustrations by  
*William Fisher*  
 The River Acres Riddle  
*Augusta Huiell Seaman* 23  
 Illustrations by  
*Harrison McCreary*  
 Phoebe's Baby Garden  
*Louise Whitefield Bray* 26  
 Illustrations by  
*Harriet Moncure*

### Special Articles

- When I Was a Girl  
*Sarah Louise Arnold* 12  
 On the Trail of Girl Scout  
 Campers . . . *Louise Price* 22

### Merit Badge Pages

- Stroke, Stroke, Stroke (*Athlete*)  
*Dorothy Dean* 17  
 Let's Talk About Clothes  
 (*Dressmaker*)  
*Hazel Rawson Cades* 29  
 Giving Mother a Real Day Off  
 (*Hostess*)  
*Mrs. Christine Frederick* 30  
 "My Favorite Recipe" Contest  
 (*Cook*) . . . 31  
 Illustrations by  
*Margaret Trafford*  
 The Beholder (*Naturalist*) . . 32  
 Campfires and Ghost Stories  
 (*Scribe*)  
*May Lamberton Becker* 40  
 Treasure Hunts at Home (*Business Woman*) . . *Anna Coyle* 42  
 Do You Like to Take Pictures?  
 (*Photographer*) . . . 60

### Girl Scout Pictures

- All Together for The American  
 Girl . . . . . 34-35

### Our Scribe's Corner

- The Latest About The American  
 Girl . . . . . 33

### Other Pages of Interest

- The Way in Scoutville . . . 3  
 Along the Editor's Trail . . . 5  
 Laugh and Grow Scout . . . 59  
 Stamps of the Air Mail  
*Osborne B. Bond* 62  
 Our Puzzle Pack *George Carlson* 66

## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### A Magazine Puzzle

This month we will have a puzzle about ourselves, and by ourselves we mean THE AMERICAN GIRL.

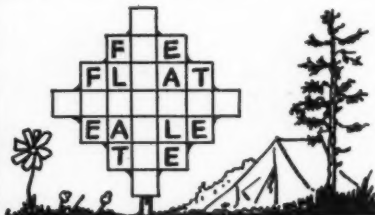
Puzzled Jill is quite fond of reading and knows just what she wants. The news dealer happens to have everything she wishes, but in order to get that she will have to buy a copy of each magazine on the stand. To make it more puzzling, the titles are all twisted into anagrams and the letters have been jumbled into words of another meaning.

However, it did not take Puzzled Jill so very long to work out the correct answers and then, what do you suppose? She saw that every subject could be found in one magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL!

Now see if you can pick out the names of the familiar features and departments of THE AMERICAN GIRL by rearranging the anagrams, and also what the news dealer sells by deciphering his queer sign on the bottom of the stand.

### Drop a Letter

1. Drop a letter from a word meaning a small furry animal and leave a token of merit.
2. Drop a letter from a mournful song and leave a coloring substance.
3. Drop a letter from a melody and leave a taint.
4. Drop a letter from a sudden sharp pull and leave a very hard wood.



### A Word Diamond

Fill the blank spaces with a word meaning a reward (such as your merit badge), so that the other letters will make true words reading both ways.

### Puzzle Jack's Word Square

Composed by GIRL SCOUTS OF ITHACA, N. Y.

From the following definitions build up a construction of four-letter word squares:

#### UPPER LEFT

Walking stick.  
 Space.  
 Adjacent.  
 Organs of hearing.

#### UPPER RIGHT

Comfort  
 Great space of time.  
 Bartered.  
 Stops.

#### CENTER

Portion.  
 A gem.  
 Letters.  
 A girl's name.

#### LOWER LEFT

Wan.  
 Exclamation of despair.  
 Light.  
 See.

#### LOWER RIGHT

Unit of area measure.  
 Nickname for raccoon.  
 Pathway.  
 Finishes.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A SPRING PUZZLE: SNOW, slow, slot, soot, loot, look, lock, lack, lark. Violet, tulip.

DROP A LETTER: 1. Trail-tail. 2. Braid-brad.

3. Cello-cell. 4. Grate-gate.

A WORD DIAMOND: Gentian.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:

F E A S T  
 E A R T H  
 A R B O R  
 S T O V E  
 T H R E E

HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES: 1. Bertha. 2. Alice.  
 3. Edith. 4. Irene. 5. Edna.

A SPRING FLOWER CHARADE: Hyacinth.

Introducing Clara Sipprell, who loved to take pictures, next month

# "The American Girl" to the Rescue

## or Sally Smiles About Camp




This was Sally Kendrick the day her mother told her she could go to the Girl Scout camp.

"I'm going to camp, I'm going to camp!" she chanted to herself all the way to school.

*But, oh!*

That afternoon, there was a troop meeting and the girls began talking about what they would take to camp and how you had to sit on your suitcase to get it all in and first thing Sally knew,

"I don't know what I *would* have done without my ", said Mary Bates.

"And my  was absolutely indispensable", declared Laura Morey.

*Alas!*



Here was Sally, after that troop meeting.

How could she afford a flashlight or a watch? She must save from her allowance for the fare to camp. She had promised her mother she would.

*Enter:*

Oh, joy! She read about the premium plan. "Hurrah!" shouted Sally.



And do you know, by the time she went to camp, she had secured enough AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions to earn both her flashlight and watch. There they were, safely packed in her duffle.



*You, too, can earn your camp equipment*

New subscriptions are easy to secure. Just take your magazine to school and troop meeting—show it to the girls there. Point out the features you enjoy and tell them they will enjoy them too.

When you have succeeded in securing enough new subscriptions to earn the article you have chosen, fill in the coupon below (or send us a letter) with (1) the names and correct addresses of the new subscribers and (2) a check or money order for the exact amount required. We will forward your premium to you at once.

You can get every piece of Girl Scout equipment you need FREE—See page 62

The American Girl  
Girl Scouts, Inc.  
670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

May '26

I have earned the premiums I have checked on this list and I wish you to send them to me to the address below. I am sending \$1.50 for each 1-year subscription and \$2.00 for each 2-year subscription secured.

My name is.....

My address is.....

City.....State.....

My premium is.....

### Choose From This List

	\$1.50 subs.	\$2.00 subs.
<input type="checkbox"/> Coat Sweater.....	20	15
<input type="checkbox"/> Slip over Sweater.....	18	14
<input type="checkbox"/> Bugle.....	12	9
<input type="checkbox"/> Canteen.....	7	5
<input type="checkbox"/> Toilet Kit.....	6	5
<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid Kit.....	7	5
<input type="checkbox"/> Handkerchief.....	1	..
<input type="checkbox"/> Haversack.....	7	5
<input type="checkbox"/> Sheath Knife.....	4	3
<input type="checkbox"/> Sewing Kit.....	1	..
<input type="checkbox"/> Sun Watch.....	3	2
<input type="checkbox"/> Wrist Watch.....	11	8
<input type="checkbox"/> Song Book.....	1	..





# The American Girl

## THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS

Published by THE GIRL SCOUTS

THE AMERICAN GIRL is the magazine for all girls. And girls are finding it out. Every month hundreds of girls join THE AMERICAN GIRL family, girls who are not Girl Scouts, as well as girls who are. For although THE AMERICAN GIRL is published by the Girl Scouts, it is a magazine for *all* girls. Any girl, no matter who she is, may subscribe. And when she does, she becomes Helen Ferris' Assistant Editor, helping to make her own magazine just what she wants it to be. For Helen Ferris reads every letter girls write her. And what they say decides what will go in the magazine.

This is the reason THE AMERICAN GIRL is more popular today than ever before—girls themselves are making it. No better stories for girls are being written than appear every month in the magazine, at their request. Mystery stories, adventure stories, boarding school stories, high school stories, athletic stories, by such popular writers as Augusta Huiell Seaman, Ralph Henry Barbour, Jane Abbott, Edith Ballinger Price and Constance Lindsay Skinner. Every month college girl athletes are telling about sports in their colleges. There's news of other girls, too, and a Good Looks page—and more!



For Every Girl—Tell your best friend and do her a favor



OF

V.